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THE CAUCASIAN.

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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

Grover Cleveland and his advisers, after long pondering, have decided to recommend to congress an income tax as the best way of raising much needed revenue. This is deliberately stolen from the People's party. The democrats had no such plank in their platform and have to resort to the Omaha declaration to find what best to do. If they would go to that document for their whole program they would fare much better and learn some sense. Let them go there and learn also that principle of Jacksonian Democracy that money should be issued by general Government directly to the people without the intervention of banking corporations, either state or national. The income tax is right, but it will not reflect the financial evils in your financial system. It does not go at the root of trouble. It simply clips the ends of the over-grown twigs, while the evil one will continue to do it's deadly work.

The New York World presents the following paramount issues for inscription upon the national Democratic banner: "Civil service reform, opposition to the spoils system, denunciation of anti-Chinese barbarism and free silver lunacy. Upon these issues ,the party will win." What has become of tariff reform, force bill question, the suppression of trusts and other vital issues upon which the Democracy made and won the last battle? Alas! How soon some people forget their political pledges.—Denver News.

The state bank scheme is merely part af the Wall street conspiracy to complete the demonetization of silver. It is hoped that by offering the South the privilege of issuing unlimited quantities of wildcat money based upon state, county, railroad or other bonds that the Southern support of silver will be abandoned, and a gold basis permanently established. The plan is too transparent to deceive any one.

The latest post master rule is as follows.

"Republican post masters who have been active in politics will be removed." When a republican is removed for this cause is it not inconsistant to appoint a Democrat who has been active in politics?

The constitution gives Congress the right to coin money and borrow money. Through the manipulation of the money trust the latter power has been used in the interest of the money, promises to pay money is issued, creating a debt and consequently interest.

Cleveland says that he will never appoint to an office any one who doubts his Democracy. If he sticks to this rule he can never give an office to one on THE CAUCASION.

LET THOSE WHO WANT

To Reach the People Read---What a Small Advertisement in The Caucasian Did.

Mr. John S. Furgerson, of Boomer, Wilkes county, North Carolina, put in THE CAUCASIAN a few weeks since, a short notice of only three lines, saying that the people of his section wanted a school teacher. We have before us a letter from him from which we make the following extract:

"We have up to date (May the 1st) received sixty applications, in answer to our advertisement, apply for position of teacher at our school, and they are still coming in. We were very much surprised to get so many, as the advertisement was a very small one, and was inserted in only two issues of the paper. The applications have not only come from every quarter of North Carolina, but from other States."

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "If congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Mr. Jefferson it was who said: "If paper must be suppressed, the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

Do you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the good to back up your belief with votes, what will you be acting to-day?

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 tf.

AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER IN HISTORY BEING MADE.

All reformers and patriots have enough at home to engross and monopolize their attention at present. But it will be interesting and instructive to turn from our fight for liberty and justice here, and look across at the Old World to see what is going on there.

First, let us look at Belgium. There the rank and file of the people, who had borne oppression until patience ceased to be a virtue, arose in their might and demanded manhood sufferage for all the people. The oppressors, the misrepresentatives of the people who sat in the Legislative halls of that country, saw that at last the people were determined. Like oppressors always are, they were cowards, they quailed before the people and granted their honest and rightful demands, not from a sense of justice, but from a sense of fear. This was all explained in an article of a week or two since.

Next let us look at Germany. There the Kaiser gave his order to the Reichstag to pass a bill to increase the standing army of Germany. The people had enough of their representatives in their Legislative halls, who had back bone and courage enough to even stand up against a King, when he is wrong, to stand by the people and to refuse the demands of the King.

Now let us look at England and Ireland, for in fact it is about these that we started out to write. History that will stand out prominently in the annals of the world, is now being made there. In fact when future historian write about Gladstone's great fight for Home Rule for Ireland, and pictures out the grand old man in his 84th year, as he stood up before English parliament and fought, and won a great triumph for the liberty of that down trodden people; then he describes how this great commoner had all the wealth and aristocracy, and even the crowned head itself against him, represented by the solid ranks of Tory party, while to his back he had to marshal all the various and diverse forces of the opposition, and going in the fight with a bare majority, and gaining strength at each passage of arms, he (the historian) will picture it as one of the grandest epochs in history, and one of the most brilliant achievements of any individual. When our grand children read this page in English History, one hundred years hence, they will compare it with their own time, and wonder why such events do not occur then, and why such men as Gladstone do not then live. In fact we scarcely realize how grand the struggle is, and how much victory or defeat will mean. But such it is always the case with people who live while great events in history are transpiring. They fail at the time to realize its size and importance. Then too, we have to be considerably removed from such events to fully appreciate them. The old Romans appreciated this, and expressed it in their sayings, "that he who is on Mount Atos, can't see Mount Atos."

The outlook now is, that Gladstone will succeed in passing his bill through the House of Commons to give partial home rule, and local self government to the people of Ireland. It is very probable that the House of Lords, that old barnacle all human progress, will kill the measure, even if it should pass the House of Commons. But even if they do, the victory for Gladstone will be none the less, and the victory for Ireland will be only delayed a few years at least. The whole world is gravitating towards Democracy; it is bound to come. We might state in this connection that Ireland had home rule once, from 1782, to about 1800. But from a combination of circumstances (which Gladstone's bill provides for avoiding,) by the free use of English gold to bribe the Irish parliament, that country suffered the disgrace of apparently voluntarily surrendering their liberty, and again putting their necks under the English yoke. The agitation to regain home rule was commenced by the Irish people under the leadership of Daniel O'Connor in 1834. This fight has been continued by Isaac Butt and others, and was carried almost within sight of victory by the late great Irish leader, Parnell. And to day Gladstone, the greatest man in England, if not in the world, is carrying on the fight for that down trodden people. To secure home rule for Ireland has been one of his great objects and burning desires for the last 15 years. It is probably the inspiration of this fight, which keeps the old man alive to day, and if he succeeds, he will probably not live a year. But it would be a happy time to die; for it is the fate of but few men, to die with their greatest laurels fresh on their brows. The fight for the home rule bill of Ireland in 1872, was made by that famous Irish leader Henry Grattan. In another column we give a synopsis of the leading features of Grattan's Home Rule bill, and the Gladstone Home Rule bill which is now before parliament. If the bill should pass, the synopsis of it would be interesting to our readers and the public generally.

READ! READ!! AND THEN ACT! ACT!!

Is there a man in your neighborhood who will not read both sides? If so he is a dangerous man. He will vote ignorantly, and if he votes right it will be simply accidental. In our issue of week after next we will begin the publication of the speech made by Henry Watterson in the recent great debate as to which political party offered the best means or methods for the people to secure justice and good government. We will also publish the speech of Gen. Watterson and probably others. Every voter, whether he be Democrat, Republican or Populist, should read these speeches. They are by able men and present the strongest arguments for their respective parties. Henry Watterson is the brilliant editor of the Courier-Journal and presents the arguments for the Democratic party, Gen. Weaver for the Populists and so on. Now we want every reformer to read both of these speeches. So if there are any one in your neighborhood who is not taking the paper get him to subscribe at once so he will not miss them. Are there any Democrats in your neighborhood? They too by all means should read both of these speeches. Not a single Democratic paper has published them, so get each of them to give you 25 cents and order the paper for them for three months at least. They may be prejudiced against all reform papers but they certainly can not refuse to read a splendid Democratic speech by one of the leaders of their party, and they would then certainly be fair and honest enough to read both sides. But such as will not subscribe it is our duty in the interest of truth and good government to see that they read it anyway. So allow me to suggest that you and one or two of your friends join together and send the paper six months or three months to such of your neighbors. It ought to be done. It must be done. During the next few months we will publish a lot of facts that we are anxious for all honest fair-minded men to read. We want men of all parties to read. It will appeal to their reason and sense of justice. If the people ever preserve their liberties and get justice they must do so by acting as intelligent well informed citizens and not as partisans—men who will stick to a party right or wrong. Will the truth be gotten to the people? Will the people read and know what we are going to publish? That depends on you. A little work and expense now is worth more than much work and more money at any other time. Your opportunity is now. If you and your friends will send $1.00 to pay to send the paper three months to four men, we will send it ourselves to one other man. So with each club you send in send five names with $1.00. If you pay $2.00 for eight men we will send it to two extra men. So with each club of $2.00 send ten names. Or better still subscribe for the paper for them for six months. Three months is a very short time to get the facts before the reader in a full and coming manner. A man who takes the paper for six months will be more apt to continue to take it, and if he continues to take it he will certainly know the facts when he goes to vote. If you send $5.00 and subscribe for ten men for six months each, we will send the paper ourself to two of your subscribers six months. So with each club of $5.00 for ten, send us twelve names. We do this because we see and feel the great importance of getting the truth before the people now. There is no time to lose. We must and all at once. This offer is good for only two weeks.

HEAR BOTH SIDES, THEN DECIDE.

There was recently a great political debate in Philadelphia. The question discussed was: "Which offers the best practical political means for the benefit of the working men of this country, the Democratic party, the People's party, the Republican party, or the Church?" These speeches are very long but they are by very able men representing the four sides. We will publish at least two of them if not all. Col. Henry Watterson, editor the Courier-Journal, spoke for the Democratic side. We will publish his speech first. Subscribe now so you can read both sides. tf

But Wont The Politicians Cry "An Overproduction of Politics?"

The farmers should cultivate more politics and less cotton, corn and wheat. As long as they produce everything that feeds and clothes mankind, and let others make the laws, they will travel the road that leads to pauperdom.—Southern Mercury.

DON'T WORRY, IT'S COMING.

"THE CAUCASIAN continues to bewail over the defeat of its party last fall and charges the Democrats with having used fraud at the polls. The people are getting tired of Butler's nonsense. If he knows of any Democrats who used fraud at the polls, let him name them, have them arrested and produce witnesses to prove the charges. There is a law to punish all people guilty of suppressing the suffrages of their fellowman. Have the guilty (?) parties brought to the bar of justice or stop your ranting."

The youth who wrote the above is either very simple, or else very rash. Yes we do charge the Democratic bosses and machine politicians, with having planned certain frauds and corruptions, to be used at the polls last fall; and that the said frauds were carried out wherever the machines selected its proper tools to do the disgraceful and demoralizing work, except where the people by such close scrutiny, and the assertion of their manhood and rights, deterred them. Yes we charge it, and maybe denied, but it can't be contradicted. The express says that the people are getting tired of hearing this kind of thing. It is sadly mistaken, for the people are enjoying it, or rather congratulating themselves that there is a paper in North Carolina that has the manhood and justice, to expose frauds and tell the truth. It is those who are guilty, who are getting tired of this exposure. The Express calls upon us, if we know any Democrats who committed frauds, to name them. This is a very rash request, but it was not a necessary one, for before this year shall have closed they will be named in every section of the State, and their number will be legion So. far we have simply been discussing the law, and showing how frauds might be committed under it, and also discussing the amendments offered by the last Legislature, and showing how they would improve the law, that is protect the rights of the people, and make it less easy for dishonest men to defraud the will of the people. Next it asks us to have the guilty persons arrested and punished, this shows great simpleness, or great demagogery. If the editor of The Express were better acquainted with the law, (or rather we might say if he was capable of seeing the imperfections of the law even with the assistance of such powerful object lessons as were given last fall) he would know that the greatest objection to the present law, is that it gives scoundrels a chance to committ high crimes against the ballot box in the name of the law, or at least in evasion of the law. We We don't expect all people to be honest. Law was not made to protect the people against honesty, but against dishonesty. We know there are men who will always do wrong, unless they dare not do it from fear of detection and punishment. We want a law that will have this effect. Probably the rditor of the Express is ignorant of the fact that in num bers. and numbers of cases, that the people have given information of these frauds to the grand jury and the Solicitor, but as yet have not been able to get a bill of indictment. In fact when one case came before a certain Judge, (by the way a pure upright man than whom there is no one in whom we have more confidence, and for whom we have more respect) he frankly admitted that there was no law to punish the partie The Express is also probably ignorant that in its own county, (not very far from where the paper is published) that a man generally looked upon as a good man, (at any rate a man holding a high position in the Church) was caught at questionable practices, as judge of the election on the 8th of last November. But enough of this now, THE CAUCASIAN has its plan mapped out, and will follow it. We are now discussing the law, and the needs of a just one, and in due season, the names, and the facts and the places will be given to the full satisfaction of, if not to discomfiture, of THE EXPRESS and all who will wince to see the truth told and justice done.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

Bro. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, of North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, will address the Brethren and the public generally, at the following places:

HARNETT COUNTY.

Bunn's Level, June 16th.
Green's X Roads, " 17th.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Wood's School House, June 19th.
Suther's Grove, (71st Township) June 20th.
Flea Hill, June 21st.

Brother Thompson represents the Business Agency and carries samples of Shoes, Cloths, &c., to show you, and will explain the benefits to be derived by patronizing the Agency.

Let every one turn out and hear the distinguished Lecturer. It will pay you whether an Allianceman or not.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance

If you want THE CAUCASIAN for a whole year, send us one of those 65 cent silver dollars and we will take it for 100 cents. Don't you wish that there were more of those dollars?

HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?

CHRIST ANSWERS THE QUESTION OF NICODEMUS, THE RATIONALIST, THE LEADER OF THE JEWS

THEOLOGY AND CHRISTIANITY PAST AND PRESENT.

What the Intellect Can Not Grasp--The Doubts of the Rationalist--The Comforts to The Men Who Believe

On last Sabbath morning, Rev. Mr. Hoffman, Rector of St. Stephens, preached from the text:

"Nicodemus answered and said unto him how can these things be? John 3-9."

Nicodemus was an able and learned and wealthy man. He was the leader of the Jews, and stood high in the Sanhedrim. But he was a rationalist; and there is such a tendency towards rationalism at the present day, that it is well to consider the question of Nicodemus, and Christ and Christ answer. Christ had just told him, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." When Nicodemus asked, "How can these things be." But rationalist as he was, we have ever reason to believe that he did not ask this question in jest, or out of curiosity, or with an intention to confuse Christ before a multitude. He was very much in earnest; he sought Christ out while the world was wrapped in slumber, and while the stars twinkeled over head, and the flowers gave out their perfume on the air of the stilly night. But why did he seek Christ out to ask questions to satisfy his mind and reasons about God's spiritual providence? He did not ask why the stars over head hang in space with nothing to support them. He did not marvel that one flower should give out a delightful perfume, and that another by it, rooted in the same soil, growing under the same sun, and kissed by the same breezes, should give out distateful oders. Yes this is part of God's mysterious work. Some of his infinite wisdom and providence that Nicodemus could not any more understand, than why a man had to be borned again of the water, and of the spirit before he could enter the kingdom of Heaven. And so it is to-day we delight in doubting about things infinite, and refuse to believe that which our poor finite, intellect can not grasp. Christ did not attempt to answer the question of Nicodemus in an elaborate manner, to appeal to the narrow confines of human reason, but he gave him an answer that appealed to the soul and belief. I am glad that Christ answered him thus. I am glad that our intellect can comprehend and grasp the wisdom and love of God. I am glad my God, the God that I worship does not allow man to understand the ways of his providence. I am glad that we are finite beings while on earth. I am glad our God is always an infinite God. But don't misunderstand me, I don't mean that we should not study God and his word; I do not mean that we should not through belief elevate ourselves, and try to make ourselves God-like. The idea that Theology, the study of God is something that is still dead and unprogressive is all wrong. Such a stigma on Theology, such a false aotion about the study of God is fast disappearing. Theology is as progressive as the study of finite things. Those who study science and art, are making wonderful strides. Those who study God, his infinite love and wisdom, are making, and should make as rapid progress as the mind of man advances, and is capable of grasping more truth both material and divine. The man who leads an upright christian life, though he may know nothing of technical theology, yet he lives a Theological life. Though the fact still hangs out to-day, that man is more ignorant of God and his finite love than of the material objects of his handy work around us. When we study the phenomina of nature, we ask "How these things be?" Not in a spirit of doubt, but in a spirit of belief, and with an inquiring and investigating eagerness for knowledge. Let us study God's spiritual plan in the same way. But let us believe what we have not yet been able to comprehend, and what we will never be able to comprehend because it is the work and the plan of an infinite God. We see a man who was yesterday a servant of the devil. He would falsify to his neighbor, he would defraud his brother. He was a bad and unreliable, and a dangerous man in every particular. To-day he will not do these things. To-day he scorns them and does the opposite. Yesterday he was traveling in one direction, to-day he is traveling in exactly the opposite direction. Yesterday he walked towards the kingom of Satan. To-day he walks towards the kingdom of God. What and how is this change? You ask in the language of Nicodemus, how can these things be? He is converted, but we cannot explain. The grace of God has entered his heart. He has been born again, this time of water and of the spirit. But we cannot reason it out as we could a mathematical problem. We can't show just the miraculous change that took place, and prove it, but we can believe it. Christ's explanation was, and is, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heareth the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit."

So it is with the Trinity and unity of God. Do we believe in God the Father, God the son, and God the Holy Ghost? Do we believe in the unity of divinity? Can we prove it? Can the finite mind grasp the infinite truth? No, yet we believe it. Out there grows a leaf, I pluck it, there it is, look at it, It has size, it has weight, it has color. There are three distinct qualities or elements. Size is not weight, and weight is not color, nor is color size, yet they are all combined in the leaf. We can't conceive of these elements separate, but we can conceive of the leaf as a whole.

But I am assured that there are doubts and indeed always will be doubts and misgivings with the truest christians, and a longing to grasp that which we cannot comprehend; but we are here for only a short time. And when we enter on the life hereafter, when we enter the great beyond, and commence the life that last forever, the life eternal, then our doubts will rise no more.

What we see now dimly, will then be seen in the perfect light of truth and with an understanding clearified, deepened and broadened with an infinite and defined wisdom. What we merely believe, we will then know. Now let those to whom doubts now will come, pray unceasingly. "Lord help thou my unbelief."

MORE WILD-EYED CRANKS.

The Democrats of Wyoming Endorse Women Suffrage.

The following resolution was adopted by the democratic legislature of Wyoming, every Democrt voting aye February 20:

Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the State of Wyoming: That the possession of exercise of suffrage by the women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm, and has done great good in many ways, that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism and vice from this state, and that, without any violent or oppressive legislation, it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government, and a remarkable degree of civilization and public order; and we point with pride to the fact that, after twenty-five years of women suffrage, not one county in Wyoming has a poor-house; that our jails are almost empty, and crime, except that commited by strangers in the state, is almost unknown; and as a result of experience we urge every civilized community to enfranchise its women without delay.

And the democratic governor of that state shortly afterward wrote as follows:

Executive Dept., Cheynne, Wy.,
April, 11, 1893.

It is quite true that I agree with the resolution passed by the house of representatives of the legislature of Wyoming advising the legislatures of New York and other states to enfranchise their women. Our experience in this state for nearly twenty-five years is highly satisfactory in every way. Not once of the objections made in the east have proven true, and great good has been done in many directions by the possession of the suffrage by our women. I cordially hope that New York and other states will soon follow our example.

John E. Osborne,
Governor of Wyoming.

THE PEOPLE PAY IT ALL.

Few people stop to inquire what debt means. Let us investigate the common habit of monstrous railway debts. For instance, let us take the late Jay Gould's Iron Mountain road for example.

The trust deed on record is for $28,000,000 in gold; it draws 7 per cent interest payable semi-annually in gold and runs for thirty years. Interest and principal in thirty years will amount to $86,800,000 in gold or $173,-6000 a mile for a road that is worth only about $20.000 a mile.

This shows that the people are in fact now paying in thirty-eight times the worth of the Iron Mountain railroad on its debts to English capitalists alone, to say nothing of the profits to the stock holders, and will continue to do so, and their children and their childeren's children after them, if the policy of the old parties is carried out.

If any one doubts this statement go and look at the record and be convinced. What demagogues they are who tell you that it would bankrupt the government to buy the railroads! The people will be bankrupted if we dont buy them—Denver Road.

What It Means---Breakers Ahead.

Failure! failure! failure! The daily press is daily chronicling the business failures all over the country and the loss of millions, and yet they tell their readers the country is prosperous. The financial pressure in the United States is causing all the trouble. The big fish are swallowing all the little ones. There is plenty of money for the few big ones, but not for the masses who are being robbed of all they make but a scanty existence. There are breakers ahead—Coming Nation.

The Basic Principle.

The brsic principle of this whole reform movement is that every person has a natural right to comfort and happiness. That being true, whatever interferes with that right is an evil, and its such evils that we are fighting.—The National Spectator.

Preach all the sermons you can, talk all the morality you choose, teach temperance as zealously as you please, but until men, women and children have homes of their own, there will be vice, immorality and drunkenness, prostitution, panperism and crime.—John Swinton.

The Tariff Does It All.

The democrats fuss and the republicans cuss and the bankers bust, and "it's all on account of the tariff."—Nonconformist.

SIMON P. D. JONES

AN ONSLOW DEMOCRAT IS TROUBLED ABOUT THE WAYS OF HIS PARTY.

THE MESSENGER WOULD NOT DO THE FAIR THING--IT REFUSED TO PUBLISH A CORRECTION.

He is Afraid That the Party Cannot Down the People Next Time.

RICHLANDS, N. C. May 26, 1893.

MR. BUTIER, DEAR SIR:—I wrote you some time ago about the Alliance picnic, and how it passed off, but some of our boys from below went off and misrepresented the whole thing to Mr. Tom Gimlet and he wrote it to the Messenger man, so I was told, and he published it. I send you the letter so you can see for yourself:

The Silver-Tongued Orator of the Third Party Orates.

[Correspondence of the Messenger.]

JACKSONVILLE, N. C., May 8, 1893.

The "Alliance Picnic" "an Alliance rally," "an address by the Silver-Tongued orator for Reform and a social day together at Richlands on the 4th inst., came off according to notices posted. We understand that their sociability was a failure so far as a Democrat was concerned, as a lady and gentleman from this place after being invited to dinner were cooly informed that if they were Democrats they were not welcome. They were Democrats, showed their colors and moved away.

Col. Harry Skinner, chief landlord of Pitt, norated and expatiated on the occasion, abusing the Democratic party, advocating sub-treasury and such. He told the people that the whites and the blacks were under greater bondage now than the blacks before the war. The colonel got off some very pathetic passages in connection with the old "Oaken Bucket," "Home Sweet Home" and the "Watch dog's Honest Bark." Was the Colonel stricken with remorse for having assisted in destroying so many "sweet homes!" The parade or escort was composed largely of whites but the colored brothers took a hand just the same.

It want none of us fellows who wrote it, we said it as soon as we Democrats saw it, we said it was not true. We are truthful men and desire everybody treated with justice. Mr. Jno. Mills, as good a Democrat as we have got, wrote to the Messenger man and told him the truth. He said the picnic was a success and 700 or 800 did eat and were satisfied and all were invited to eat, and as to Col. Skinner's speech it did not run down any party, but treated all fairly and was outspoken on the reforms needed, and that it was an able and eloquent speech and he asked him to publish it, for every word of it was the truth, but the Messenger did not print it because the other fellow took the paper and he din't. These Third party fellows say he did not want to print Mr. Jno. Mills letter, cause it was the truth, and that werent the stuff he was looking for. So I hope Col. Skinner won't think hard of us fellows about it for we like him.

Now "lets squat that rabbit and jump another."

What in the world is the matter anyway? I went to Jacksonville tother day and I heard em talking about Bank failures and Railroads breaking until I could not sleep that night and some one said the Wimington Star had jined the Alliance, judging from its editorial, and I got back home I seed a paper called the Loud Cry saying the severe plagues were coming this summer. What does it all mean? I heard that a tobacco drummer told Mr. H. M. & B. privately, they said, and he was a strong Democrat too, that he had traveled all over the State, and that you and these Third party papers were showing up every thing wrong our fellows had done, and it was hurling us like the m'schief, he said lots of good Democrats told him if our side didn't do what they promised they were done, and I tell you it is so round here, they said it scared H. nearly to death. Now Mr. Butler that aint right. We know we done wrong, but you ought to have more charity in your heart, and not be telling every body about our faults. You know the truth hurts, so be light and give us a chance.

What is it about this money question? You know I never heard of it until I saw your paper. Our papers didn't use to bother their heads with it, they left that for the lawmakers to tend to, but I see they say nothing now about an honest dollar. A Third party fellow put this question to me the other day and I could not answer it as you know we are in power and I don't read much now. His question was, "How could we favor putting a dollars worth of silver in a dollar so that it would pass in all countries and favor State banks at the same time." Of course I couldn't answer that, nor him either. I know one thing it is as skace as hen's teeth round here, and every fellow seems to be after the last dime he can get. But I don't care how witter I get, I have some sympathy in my heart for every body, and it kinder disgust me, when I see some of our fellows, and one in particular who is worth $5,000 pushing a poor Third party fellow out of a $20 post-office who has a large family to support. This $5,000 Democrat used to be postmaster here under President Hayes and throwed up the office because it did not pay, and the present postmaster was appointed by President Cleveland 8 years ago and has held it ever since, and made it pay right well. Now this $5,000 Democrat wants it again. He served under President Hayes and now he wants to try under Cleveland, and he has been appointed. Now I believe to the victors belong the spoils, but we had some poor Democrats round here who would have been glad to get the office, but they didn't. I heard a bright, intelligent and competent young lady who teaches school for a living tried for it but he cut her out because she could not vote. That is what is the matter with our side, we give all the offices here lately to the rich and none to the poor.

Well I guess Mr. Simmons has got a place in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet at last. I heard a fellow say he was appointed over the whiskey of this end of the State. Hurrah for that, for I tell you he knows how to handle it sure. I will tell you something else he is going to be our next Congressman. It is no secret with us, we don't care how much the Third party fellows get after grady now, he has served our purpose, we captured him last year and the Alliance can have him back again if it wants him. I heard a Third party fellow says he was spending that $100 per month clerk hire, running to Washington to turn out these little postmasters, I reckon it taint so. Now one thing as for me and I believe it is our motto as Mr. Foy says let things go "Snolus Bolus" give me freedom, give me an honest government that everybody may be treated alike, or if not that, give me a good fat office like Mr. Grady or Joe Daniels, that will place me above want, and my cry will be, God save the State and this blessed Union as it is, for in my fat office something seemeth to say, "eat drink and be merry, soul take thy rest," for these walls are thick and thine ears are closed to the cry of the "inconvenient multitude." If there be a Moses, let him not bring upon us in office the plagues as he did upon the Egyptians of old, which gave him power to lead his suffering people through the parted waters. If there be a Joshua let him not cross the Jordan, and if there be a Daniel, let him not beard the lion in his den these four years, and if there be any more Hebrew children, who are willing to wade through the fiery embers of a burning furnace, that these hungry souls may live. Let them not pervert their sayings, denounce their reforms, refuse to throw any light on their side of the question as the Messenger man did. Howl demagogues that my soul may take its rest in that beautiful City of Washington where I hear not the cry of the "inconvenient multitude."

Yours until death,
SIMON P. D. JONES.

DR BRIGGS SUSPENDED.

As our readers will remember Professor Briggs was tried last year by the New York Presbytery of heresy but was acquitted. An appeal was taken by the general assembly of the Presbyterian church of America which was in session at Washington last week. The assembly has reversed the decision of the New York Presbytary. The following is the judgment of the assembly:

"This judicatory finds that said final judgment of the Presbytery of New York is erroneous and should be and is hereby reversed, and this General Assembly, sitting as a judicatory in said case, coming now to enter judgment on said amended charges, finds the appellee, Charles A. Briggs, has uttered, taught, and propagated views, doctrins, and teachings as set forth in charges contrary to an essential doctrine of Holy Scriptures and the standards of said Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and in violation of the ordination vow of said appellee, which said erroneous views and doctrines strike at the vitals of religion and have been industriously spread; wherefore, this General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, sitting as a judicatory in this case on appeal, does hereby suspend Charles A. Briggs, the said appellee, from the office of a minister in the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America until such time as he shall give satisfactory evidence of repentence to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Chuch in the United States of America of the violation by him of the said ordination vow as herein and heretofore found."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S LIQUOR LAW.

Dispensaries Will Close at 6 p. m. and "Broozers" Can Buy Only Once a Day.

COLUBIA, S. C., May 20.—Governor Tillman is receiving inquiries from all over the country as to the operations of the dispensary law of this state, which goes into effect July 1. The rules regulating the dispensary were given to the press today. They provide that dispensaries must be closed at 6 P. M. the year round. Applicants for the purchase of liquor who cannot write make a cross, and no application of the person can be filled oftener than once a day. A state constable or detective will be detailed to run down all persons suspected of infringing on the law. The prices of the various brands of liquor will be kept posted in each county dispensary and an officer who deviates from the prices will be dismissed. Governor Tillman says the cheapest whiskey will be retailed at $3 a gallon, 75 cents a quart, 40 cents a pint and 20 cents half-pint; and only the purest liquors will be sold. Under the law dispensaries are not to be established unless a majority of the free holders petition for it. The governor says the state will make $1 profit on every gallon of liquor sold, and estimates that the state will clear $500,000 the first year.

A Great Difficulty Confront Them.

The greatest difficulty that confronts the democratic and republican politicians is how to perpetrate the ignorance, and fan the prejudices, of the masses. Any man who could produce a plan that would accomplish this, could become a fifty times milionaire in one day.—Southern Mercury.

How Long Will You Have to Wait?

We are waiting to see the present administration knock the spots out of the bad laws which it says the republicans have enacted. If it can just get a "chance," it will do it, of course—anyhow that's what they said.—Our Home.

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HEAVY SHIPMENTS OF TRUCK.

On June 2nd THE CAUCASIAN interviewed Capt. Hancock of Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad as the movement of truck along his line. He said:

Our heaviest shipments now are Irish potatoes. I brought up to-day 5,000 barrels filling 32 cars, while an equal amount at least was shipped by steamer from Newberne. The potato season began about the 17 h of May and was to last about one mouth."

Let us see for a moment what this means. If the shipments of potatoes from Goldsboro to Newberne for the month averages only from 6,000 to 7,000 barrels a day, it will make at least 200,000 barrels for the season. Potatoes are now quoted at from $4,00 to $5,00 a barrel, that will be a half million dollars gross for potatoes alone. The cost of making and delivering a barrel of potatoes to New York is about $1,50 a barrel. This will leave a net profit of $1,00 a barrel or $200,000. Now this estimate is for potatoes alone and only from here to New Berne. If the same record is made on the Atlantic Coast Line and all trucking points in the eastern part of the State, the net receipts to the State will be millions of dollars. This is a mammouth business and yet one that is conducted on the most haphazard principles at the vital point, that is at the market point. It certainly cannot be much longer till truckers will organize, as they should and must, and open an exchange in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia for handling their produce in a systematic and business like manner. By such a system the truck of North Carolina could be handled at a cost of not more than one or two per cent. while now it costs anywhere from ten to twenty per cent.

STOP MAKING "OVERPRODUCTION" AND LET US WORK FOR MORE MONEY.

Remember that during the next few months we will publish both sides of the great political discussion, giving the arguments on both sides, and besides we will publish much other matter that every fair-minded honest man should read. It will appeal to the reason and conscience. Get your neighbor to subscribe at once. If he will not subscribe, it will pay you to send THE CAUCASIAN to him. It is home missionary work that will mean money in your pocket. You will never get lower taxes, a better price for your products, and more money till your neighbors act with you for protection, reform and justice. It is better to do some work in this direction than to toil and sweat every day making more "overproduction" that will bring you nothing. Get THE CAUCASIAN in the hands of your neighbors. Do it at once.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The Commencement of the State University Takes Place This Week.

We have received with pleasure a catalogue for the present year It is offering a wide range of instruction, which is attracting several hundred young men to its halls. There are fifteen departments of instruction, including eighty eight minor courses. The number of students has grown to 316, being a gain of 68 over last year; of these 53 are law students and 17 medical and pharmacy students; 27 have alread graduated at college and are pursuing advanced or professional studies. They come from Vanderbilt University, Davidson College, Wake Forest College, Guilford College, Washburn College, The University of New Brunswick, and the University of North Carolina.

There are four general courses of study leading to degrees; professional courses in law, medicine, and engineering; brief courses for men of limited means; special courses in Chemistry and other sciences, and a large number of optional courses. The Faculty includes 21 teachers; there are six scientific laboratories and museums, 11 buildings, libraries, reading rooms, Y. M. C. A. room, athletic grounds, gymnasium, etc, etc. There are seventy scholarships giving free tuition. Any deserving boy can get help. The Deems Fund for loans amounts to 16,000 dollars.

Catalogues, pamphlets, etc, are sent free to anyone who will address President Winston at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Be sure that you have your neighbor to read THE CAUCASIAN for the next few months. It will present facts for his reason and truths for his conscience. You can't afford for your neighbor to miss it. Get him to subscribe. If he will not, then you should arrange to send it to him by all means. Read in another column headed "Read! Read!! and then Act! Act!!" and see how we will help you. This offer is good for two weeks only.

EVOLUTION IN POLITICS.

A New Berne attorney attending Onslow court related at the hotel to a company, supposedly democratic, a conversation detailed to him by one of our most upright Judges. His honor was shocked, and our attorney, whose democracy was new, was amused at the discovery of a new political species. Judge ——— was accosted by a citizen of———county:

"I want an office, Judge, and I want you to help me get one. I think I deserve one. The party is due me something. I've been a heap of help to it, Judge; for I am a man that the party can trust to in a close time. The Commissioners knew that last fall when they appointed me a poll-holder. They knew that they could rely on me to do execution." His honor's face grew stern and fearfully inquisitive, and his petitioner continued: "Don't think now, Judge that I am not a fair-minded man. I am. I believe in the fair thing always. I believe in working night and day and out voting the other side." "That's the right way," said his honor. "You are right Judge, that's what I say. But sometimes we get in mighty close places. You know how it was last fall, Judge. I knew what I was appointed for; and it a man puts confidence in me, I'm not going to fool him. When you see you can't out vote the other side, although you do work night and day, Judge, what are you going to do then? Why, I say, just do the best you can, even if you are fair minded, and that's the way I did. There were so many third party men and republicans in the west end of W——— that we saw we couldn't out vote them. So I just did the best I could, and we beat 'em. I think I deserve recognition by the party. I want an office. I want you to help me get one. I'm a poll-holding democrat, and that's what the party needs."

A GOOD THING FOR EVERYBODY.

A Populist paper from Missouri come to us with the item, "Down with monopoly and oppression and up with competition and prosperity." The brother should re-read his political economy. Competition never brought prosperity. Competition is war, and is destructive. Let us learn from the trusts that not competition but intelligent co-operation is the best method of creating and distributing wealth—the way of prosperity. Of itself a monopoly is not oppressive. You never hear anyone complaining of the extortion or injustice of our postal monopoly. Monopoly is a good thing for all those who are in it—the trouble being that the great majority are not beneficiaries. Now let us all get on the inside of the monopolies just as all are inside on the postal system and there will be no kicking against them. Monopolies are only oppressive when they are used for private profit. All the teaching of the age is against competition. It increases the non-producing class and adds cost with no corresponding benefits. Does the editor think that fifty stores, each with its entire quota of expense, can distribute goods as cheaply as one store? The public have been duped for many years by the lie that "competition is the life of trade;" but thinkers the world over know it has not a scintillation of truth in it, even in this rotten wage-slavery system. —Coming Nation.

Week after next we will commence the publication of Watterson and Weaver's speeches—two great speeches on the political issues of the day. Get your neighbor to subscribe at once. We will not be able to furnish back copies after the first issue.

ANOTHER GIDEON'S BAND.

(North Carolinian.)

It is believed that Marion Butler is organizing the "Industrial Legion" in North Carolina; and that, after the next State Alliance meeting, he will beend all his energies to promote the organization of that order. Already the order exists in quite a number of counties of the State, and if it goes on it will be quite a dangerous political organization. Those who belong to it claim that it is not a secret organization and that their meetings are not secret; yet practically it is a secret organization, for the public at large does not know when they meet. It would be well if the people of this State would watch, and, if possible, indict a few of them in the courts. It will be for a jury to say whether or not it is a political organization, and not for those who are propagating it.—Charlotte Observer.

The above paragraph taken from the Charlotte Observer is going the rounds of the press. The Editor of this paper will state that he is a member of the Industriall Legion and approves of the organization. Now unless such papers as the Observer and the Carolinian are lying we ought to be arrested and put on trial for violating the laws of the state. And as a man who has respect for the laws of the state, we call upon them to have us arrested and let the matter be settled in the courts. If they do not they will stand before the public as self convicted liars.

The Fort Worth Texas Merchants National Bank fails.

THE MUGWUMP DISPENSATION.

One of the astonishing indications of the day is to be found in in the effect of the present administration upon the average correspondent. Without reference to the politics of his paper, the average correspondent finds himself impressed with the idea that there is something superior and extraordinary in the atmosphere. This administration impresses him as none other ever did before. If he finds a Coobinet officer inaccessible or uncommunicative or moody, it never occurs to him to complain, as he would have done two years ago. Instinctively he ascribes the situation to noble and exalted causes. It is not that these gentlemen are lazy, or stuck up, or ignorant—as he would cheerfully have suggested before—but that they are so immersed in tremendous and sublimated thought. If things move slowly, he says that it is the fault of the office seekers. When there is an otherwise unaccountable delay in making changes demanded by the country and necessary to its welfares, the average correspondent makes haste to say that, if the politicians would only let the President alone and spare him their vulgar and insistent importunities, there would be no trouble of any sort.

The newspapers reek with the maudlin cackle. All wholesomeness is gone. A fetich has been set up, and the whole world has gone to worshipping. The country went Democratic on the tariff issue, and all the Deocratic leaders, from the President down, declared during the campaign that the people were groaning under a curse of spoliation, which they had been appointed by heaven to remove. But, now that the party has control in both branches of congress as well as in the executive department, and now that there is no reason why the people should be denied relief, it is next door to impossible to find any one who will say that further delay is inexcusable. On the contrary, everybody goes about with his finger on his lisps, tiptoeing and begging others to be still, because the administration is immersed in some mysterious and consecrated labor upon which the fate of future cycles and generations hangs.

It is like a strange dream—a phantasm of the summer night. All the rules that once defined selfishness, cowardice, stupidity, had faith, humbug, and pretense appear to have been set aside. We have nothing left but a we, credulfty, and infatuation.—Washington Post.

POSTSCRIPTS.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer refers to Morehead as a "Watering place." A few days before the same correspondent referred to the Red Sulphur Springs as a "Watering place." There certainly is a difference between having fashionable folks to jostle about in water and having the water to jostle about on them.

President Cleveland has deserted the White House and is again in hiding on Hog Island. It is a little strange that a man who had to shut the official doors of the Nation in the face of greedy office-seekers would go to a place (to rest) the very name of which suggested greediness.

The Charlotte Observer says that the son of Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the U. S. Senate, committed suicide in Chicago because his father would not send him money or let him come home. This is a mistake. The young man who suicided is not related to Dr. Milburn.

Mr. George Pearce Howell, of this place, will be the third North Carolinian to graduate first in his class at West Point. In 1823 Alfred Mordecai took the honor, and in 1839 W. H. Wright did the same, with the late General Beauregard as No. 2.

Why is a mugwump like the cover to a sewing machine? Because it (he) is both useful and ornamental when the machine is not in use.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, who was at once time President of Wake Forest College, delivered the baccalaureate sermon there this year.

During the next few months THE CAUCASIAN will publish matter that every voter should read, especially should every Democrat and Republican read it. If they will not subscribe you ought to have it sent to them any way.

It is said that Secretary Hoke Smith will "astonish the natives in the Pension department soon." Let it come. The Pension frauds were much discussed in the last campaign and we were promised reform then. Now let it come. We are not opposed to pensioning the soldiers of the Federal army who were disabled or diseased in the service, as well as the widows of those who died or were killed, but to grant a pension to an able bodied man who was never hurt simply because he enlisted in the army for the pay there was in it, as many of them did, is an outrage and should be sit down upon. Pension the deserving, but away with frauds. That is where we stand.

THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. M'DOUGALL.

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(Continued.)

In an instant the light had flooded every crevice with a dazzling brilliancy and showed to Eric's eyes a sight that made his heart beat with a new emotion. He stood by a boat so ancient that beside it the pyramids were young. It was about thirty-seven feet in length and twelve feet wide. The bow was high and terminated in a swan's head and neck, well carved and curving gracefully. The bow was decked over for about four feet, and the lines of the vessel, although somewhat clumsily designed, showed much nautical knowledge. She had eight wide thwarts, and had evidently carried a mast inserted in the center of the boat, as there was a round aperture in one thwart. There were deep, round notches in the outer edge of the gunwale, evidently made by the abrasion of paddles, for thus she must have been propelled, as there was no evidence of oars or any other appliance for their use.

The wood of which she was built was as hard as iron and as black. Great studs of pure gold occurred at intervals just under her gunwale, evidently forming at one time prominent features of a painted decorative border which had been obliterated in the blackness of years. On her bottom he found barnacles, black and brittle, proving that she had once voyaged at sea for a long period.

It was with a creeping feeling—a shudder of involuntary awe—that Eric gazed upon this wondrous relic, and it was several minutes before he summoned composure to examine it minutely. In the bottom of the boat lay several large water urns and a bundle of spears, each with its shaft split and a flint spearhead inserted in it. No vestige of the lashings of gut remained. They had long ago decayed. On the stern thwart rested an oblong block. Eric pitched it up and knew at once that it was metal.

"Can it be copper?" he thought, and taking his knife he sliced a small piece from it. Lo, it was bronze, rudely engraved with characters slightly resembling Phœnician writing! A slab of bronze! What was it doing here? Iklapel did not know what it was, but he said that there was once a knife made of the same metal in Atzlan, but it had been lost for many years. It was stolen from the temple ages ago by a man who went into the desert and never returned. In At there were many such knives, he said, but they were very precious, and but one, which Quetzal had brought, was ever seen in the west. He had heard of arrows and spearheads and axes of the same metal, but had never seen them. The slab had been preserved sacredly, yet he had thought more than once of trying to convert it into axes, but knew of no way to do it.

At this moment Eric glanced up and beheld the evil face of Chalpa, his eyes lighted with malice, peering down upon them. As Eric's eyes met his he drew his head back and disappeared, but there was an unpleasing suggestion in the suspicious, vindictive look in his face that left a feeling in Eric's mind that Chalpa would be a good man to make a target of before very long. Iklapel had seen nothing, but when Eric explained the occurrence he angrily called to Chalpa, but received no answer. The man had slipped out stealthily, and this added to Eric's unpleasant feeling. That Chalpa hated as well as feared him he knew full well from the evil glances he cast upon him, and there seemed something ominous in his stealthy hovering and spying.

Still, as he had disappeared, neither Eric nor Iklapel allowed it to rest long upon their minds, and they continued their examinations of the relics undisturbed.

Each of the glazed tiles inserted in the walls, Iklapel asserted, had been brought in the very earliest times from At. They were covered with rude picture writing, among which Eric found representations of elephants, lions and camels, distinctly and carefully drawn, animals of which Iklapel had no conception whatever beyond these rude outlines. There were boats delineated there somewhat resembling the one before them, and figures in costumes resembling those in the early Toltec manuscripts. Temple fronts and houses, war chariots with prancing horses, and, most wonderful of all, a battle scene, in which clouds of rolling smoke and curiously carved tubes belching flames, mowing down whole rows of men, were depicted with rare skill. It would have stood for a rude picture of a modern field of war.

It was with wonder and amazement that Gilbert studied the strange pictures, undoubtedly relics of a long past age, for he was convinced that the priest had no knowledge of their import and meaning; in fact the characters in which the records were written upon them were with few exceptions unfamiliar to him, they having been superseded by a more convenient if less picturesqe method in later times. In these characters he found many resembling those of the Maya alphabet, but more in the nature of pictorial representation. These were similar to the characters upon the slab of bronze, and there flashed across his mind a memory of Plato's statement—that the people of Atlantis engraved their laws upon columns and plates of bronze and gold. Could it be that this was one of those tablets?

While he was occupied with these thoughts the old priest brought a quaintly carved cedar box, and removing its cover disclosed a double handful of roughly cut gems, the great value of which Eric discerned at a glance. He examined them with appreciative eyes, finding among them several diamonds of the size of hazel nuts and many fine rubies and emeralds.

"These," said Iklapel, "came from the far south; they are the seeds of the serpent. Before he came and covered the world with clay and stones and water there was none of these on the earth; no man had seen them before. Such is the tradition. The people of Atlantis had no such shining stones, but they had stones such as this," handing Eric an oval of carnelian, with flattened sides.

Carved on one face was an intaglio, finely executed, representing a pyramidal mountain, with a city surrounding its base, evidently a picture of the fated city. Around the edge was a border of small characters in the ancient writing. On the reverse side was cut the Crux Ansata, the mystic Tau, the sacred symbol of the Phallic god of the old world, which has puzzled the savants for ages.

"What a treasure," thought Eric, "to lay before the scientists of the country and what a deal of discussion it would arouse!"

There was nothing more to be seen, and with a glance around the room he took up his light and followed Iklapel up the ladder. They had spent several hours in the vaultlike place and found Kulcan above waiting for them. He looked anxious and moody, and catching Gilbert's eye motioned to him to follow him. The young priest led the way silently, yet casting quick, cautious glances about him, to the large gate, and when they were outside, almost into the pinon orchards, he turned to Eric, and after a moment's nervous hesitation he began, "Did my brother ever gamble?"

"Well," replied Eric, with a smile, "I've played the game my people call poker many times, I'm sorry to say—too many times in fact—and I've tried faro also once or twice, with poor results"——

"But," interrupted Kulcan, "did you ever allow yourself to be so carried away with the excitement of these games that you forgot your duty to your sisters and brothers?"

"No," answered Eric, "but I have seen many men lose their heads and gamble away all they owned."

"Then," said the priest, "you will understand. I must confess to you, my brother, and burden you with a miserable tale—a tale of grief and shame. I cannot look you in the face, but I must tell you. We have, as you have seen, a game called titlaca—meaning the unknown, unknowable—a game of numbers. Ah, how can I tell you? You will despise me!"

"Go on," said Eric, who surmised what was coming, although he did not guess its full meaning.

"The younger priests," resumed Kulcan, "have always played this game among themselves, as do all our people, but I had always, by Iklapel's advice, avoided it, and knew not even how it was played until a year ago. Then in an evil hour I ventured a wager against Chalpa's game, and I won sixty silver tlacs. Elated by my success and imagining myself to be blessed by fortune, I tried again and won. But the next evening I lost all that I had won, and in the endeavor to reclaim it I parted with as much more. I did not feel willing to stop then, but was eager to get my own money back. Then I said I would never gamble again, but before I had succeeded I had become a victim to the habit which dominates all the people of Atzlan.

"This was before my father, the governor, died, and soon Chalpa had won all the money and cattle which I possessed. Then I began to be indebted to him, and in my now frantic endeavors to win enough to free myself—for debtors are slaves here—I became reckless, and when my father died Chalpa laid claim to all my property. But I had no suspicion of his methods and believed him honest. Chalpa changed his plans, or rather broadened them, for I think his object at first was only to win my possessions. He cast his evil eye upon Ainee, my betrothed, and although she despised him he wished to wed her.

"In this he was unsuccessful, but that very month she was selected for the sacrifice, and he is the one who cast the lots. I dare not say—I scarce dare think him so treacherous, so villainous as to do such a deed! Nor do I think he dare, for the decision is made in the presence of three others—priests in high standing. But she was chosen and you, my brother, saved her and restored her to me. Then my fortune altered for a time, and I recovered some of my money, but yesterday a horrible thing happened. I went again to his house and lost all—all; worse than that, alas!

"Seeing me feverish, blind, despairing, he offered to wager all that he had won from me—everything—against my sister, my Lela. You know that under our laws she is mine to be given away, sold, bartered or wagered—as the head of the family I possess her—and perhaps you may not know that such debts as these are legal. Flushed with the aitsi which he provides, and dazzled at the chance to recover all my possessions, I accepted the offer. The next moment I regretted and tried to recall my hasty words, but it was too late. I had lost! I staggered forth and roamed about for hours, crazed with shame and terror. I thought of self destruction, but what would that avail me? Then I sought you, my brother, who know all things."

Gilbert reflected for a moment. To him, apart in thought and feeling from Kulcan and his people, the case seemed almost trivial. He could not realize that by the young priest's indiscretion he might lose the very light of his life. He viewed the transaction in a semiludicrous light, and attempted to lay that part of it aside and consider only Kulcan's financial condition, but the priest soon convinced him that his terrible wager was a reality—a most serious and momentous reality—and showed him the difficulty of an attempt to defeat Chalpa's desires, in view of the fact that the entire priesthood and populace would stand by him in exacting his just dues.

Kulcan reiterated his statement of the legality of the wager, and said that Chalpa had offered him his revenge in affording him an opportunity to recoup by wagering a thousand taos of silver, well knowing that he could by no possibility obtain that sum. Herein, however, Gilbert saw a vague chance to escape as he reflected upon Iklapel's account of the fabulous sums of gold and silver in the underground vaults of the temple. In his character of a god he might, without doubt, convert some of this idle hoard in the endeavor to save his darling, and he resolved to do se. But the difficulty was, even after the money had been obtained, to play the game to prevent Chalpa's winning again. Although convinced that the evil eyed villain had grossly cheated Kulcan, he had no knowledge of the game and knew of no means of detecting his fraudulent practices.

Underlying all his meditations was a stern resolve to settle the affair, as well as Chalpa's existence, as a last resort, by the argument of the pistol bullet, but he determined to try all other channels before availing himself of that source.

Curiously enough, upon his suggesting Chalpa's swindling, Kulcan, whose nature was utterly unsuspicious, himself showed how he thought it could be done, and with a wild gleam in his eyes as the truth seemed for the first time not merely to dawn upon him, but to burst upon his mind in noontime glory, in a crushing, blinding flash of conviction, started up as though to seek the destroyer of his happiness and face him with his accusations. But Eric restrained him, and after he had grown calmer he told him that he would endeavor to help him.

"But," he inquired, "does Iklapel or Lela know of this?"

"Not a word," said Kulcan, "and how shall I tell them? What will they think of me?"

"They must be told," replied Gilbert, and he then bound Kulcan to forswear gambling forever by an oath which he devised upon the spot—an oath that chilled the superstitious priest's heart as he repeated it, for he feared Gilbert's wondrous powers with a childlike terror. It was plain to the latter that he meant to keep his promise.

Sending him to Iklapel with instructions to relate his story to the old priest, Gilbert went to Lela with much reluctance, for he knew that her love for her only brother hung largely upon her respect for his purity of character and lofty thoughts. His sad story, he felt, would shatter that respect, for he could not realize, he did not even imagine, that she shared the tolerant view that all Atzlan held of the gambling habit. Viewing it in the light of modern ideas, he thought she would be stricken with horror at the discovery of his folly and shame.

He framed a plan of gently imparting it to her, but it was driven out of his mind when a moment later he encountered Lela hurrying with quick, graceful strides in search of him. She held in her hand one of the conical Atzlan dolls made of red clay, whose hideously painted face, surmounted by a shock of black bristles, added to her own look of fright, drove his mission instantly from his mind.

"Oh, darling!" she cried, seizing his arm, "come quickly. Poor Listah, the hermit priest, has fallen from a ladder and broken his leg. He lies there moaning so piteously, and I know you can cure him!"

"Is that all?" said Eric, smiling with true professional unconcern. "I feared that it was something serious. And this?" pointing to the doll in her hand. She looked down, blushed a little, and smilingly explained that she had been dressing the horrible effigy for little Eltza when the old priest fell, and she had hurried in search of him without noticing that she held it. He took it from her, and looking at its face said:

"No wonder the old man fell. That would frighten almost anybody."

"Why," she retorted, "I think it the nicest doll in Atzlan; it is so hideous," cuddling it to her. "But come; we must go to him!"

Others came running, with eager calls, to him, and he went with them to where the old man lay groaning with pain and exclaiming that it was a judgment upon him for breaking his vow of isolation and coming into the city before his time had expired. But when Eric arrived and began to examine his broken limb he bore the pain with savage stoicism and uttered not a sound. It was a simple fracture of the left leg, which Gilbert easily set, and applying splints and bandages had the old man carried to his own dwelling, where he could attend to his needs. Listah was overcome with gratitude, and declared that he felt the leg healing already, although he winced more than once as his bearers moved along.

When Eric saw him resting easily it had grown dark, and the moonlight was pouring down into the canyon, making the walls of the city gleam like marble palaces; the air was still moist and filled with the sound of the river as it gurgled and splashed over the shallow ford. Lela sat just outside his door waiting, with her cheek upon her hand and her hair shining in the mellow light like melted gold.

As he came outside and leaned over her she looked up and reached her bare arms up to him, folding them slowly about his neck with a lingering, clinging, creeping movement that showed how fondly she loved, and sent a warm thrill through him, winelike, overpowering. She drew him down and held his face against hers for a long time, with closed eyes; then slowly their lips crept nearer, nearer, until they came together in one long drawn kiss. It was more—it was a marriage—a blending of two hearts made for each other, a reunion of two souls that in all the economy of the universe had been formed to be one that had been seeking each other for ages perhaps and had met at last. Such at least was Eric's belief, and it was with a reverential feeling that he kissed the noble forehead of this beautiful, angelic creature who so wondrously found it possible to love him, a rough, blunt, homely, ungraceful man. He said as much in fact, and she answered:

"Oh, my darling, don't you know you are the noblest, most perfect of all God's creatures — the handsomest, bravest, tenderest, wisest of all men on earth?" and much more to the same effect, adding that the wonder was that he could find anything to love, to admire in her, a savage thing, etc. All this was so new to them, so rare and wonderful, that they imagined it had never occurred before.

"Did others ever love as we do?" was their constant query.

But it was delightful, delicious and would have reconciled a man to endure any existence whatsoever to dwell in such bliss. No wonder that for a long time he forgot all about Kulcan's difficulties and his darling's imminent danger. When he did remember it was with a sudden start that caused her to look up into his face in alarm and whisper, "What is it, my own?" in tender solicitude. Her eyes were on his face constantly, and she had grown to read each change of feeling, each mood, almost each thought, as it left its scarcely perceptible imprint on his countenance or shone in his dark eyes. She read there his reluctance to tell the tale of her brother's misdoings. In truth he hardly knew how to begin it.

When he did he found to his surprise that she was not nearly as shocked as he had expected. She was, in common with all Atzlans, so used to tales of sudden risings and fallings in the fortunes of gamesters that her brother's losses seemed unworthy of much anxiety, for when his luck turned would he not win it all back?

But when Eric, somewhat piqued at her indifference—the passiveness of a woman resting in her lover's arms—told her of Kulcan's last and most desperate wager the color fled from her cheeks, leaving them ashen in the moonlight, and with terror in her eyes she threw her arms wildly about his neck crying:

"I am lost! I am lost!"

Not for an instant did she discredit the legality of the transaction; its full meaning and horror were plain to her, and for a moment she forgot her lover's power, seeing only the awful, unavoidable fate before her—to be torn from his arms, a victim to the lust of a depraved man—not even a wife—for the fatal wager, so hastily made, gave her to him as a chattel.

A convulsive shudder shook her frame, and her clasp upon Eric's neck was like the clutch of a drowning woman as she clung to him in her fear. But only for a moment. Then, like Kulcan, she turned to him for help and strength.

"You will save me, my darling, I know; but, oh, I was so frightened that I forgot you for a moment. Yes, I was frightened, but now I'm not. It has gone—all my terror—and my noble love will keep his own unharmed."

And in a moment more it really seemed as if she had dismissed the matter from her mind, for she said:

"Now take me home, dear, for it is growing late, and my eyes are heavy with sleep."

And Eric did, and then lay awake until far into the night trying to solve the problem.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Will J. A. Stevens, who is trying to bray loud enough to make the public think he is a jackass, but will fail because his ears are too small, deny that he was in the caucus that decided to repeal the Alliance charter, and that he pledged his vote to repeal it?

J. A. Stevens reminds us of the letter from "a farmer" published in The Progressive Farmer last week, blowing up the editor of this paper, in which he wrote; "You ar crying Lyre & come to the Point you ar the Raskel youre self."

More changes in North Carolina Postmasters, are as follows: At Point Rock, Summerfield.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

More Changes in North Carolina Postmasters.

New Postmasters appointed to the following offices: Holly Springs, Wake county; Lilesville, Anson Co.; Marion, McDowell county; Northville, Randolph county; Spring Hope, Nash county; Yanceyville, Caswell county.

A Shoofly on the R. & D.

It is reported that there will be an extra train put on the Richmond & Danville between Washington and Charlotte. This train will be a "shoofly" stopping at all stations.

The Charlotte News says: A week ago Mr. Bill Walls, of this city, was visited by his brother, John Walls. John enjoyed Bill's hospitality for a week, and paid for it by eloping with Bill's wife. This morning the wifeless brother came up town and reported the case. It has developed that John Walls has a wife and two children at Mooresville, and a wife at Gastonia. Warrants have been issued for his arrest. A citizen of the same name as the above married and lived at Mooresville several years ago.

Maggie Murphy, a young colored woman, was found dead Wednesday of last week near the depot at Salisbury. She had incisions on the back and front of her head and is supposed to have been murdered. Charlie Armstrong, colored, was arrested under suspicion of having committed the crime. An inqueat was held, but verdict was postponed for further evidence.

The Newbern Journal learns that Mrs. William Brinkley, a widow lady, living in the suburbs of Manteo, had her barn and contents burned by incendiary fire. She lost her corn, peas, hay, etc., farming implements carts and two buggies. Four hogs were burned alive. The loss amounted to about $1,000. There was some insurance.

"Rowland Howard" writes the Asheville Citizen that there is not a bar-room west of Asheville in all western North Carolina. Probably not. They don't need bar-rooms where moonshine still flourish like green bay trees.—Statesville Landmark.

A special train containing twenty-five Waldenses passed through Salisbury one day last week going to Burke county to establish a colony. The Waldenses are emigrating from northern Italy where their lands have become to poor to furnish subsistance.

Mt. Airy has the largest natural formation of granite known on the continent. She stands to-day second as a plug tobacco manufacturing town only to Winston. This year she will put up in plug over four millions of pounds of the weed.

Mr. Wm. Battle, son of Dr. K. P. Battle who has just graduated at Harvard with heighest honors has been elected to the Professorhip of Latin in the University of Chicago.

An exchange reports that a married lady in that section gave birth to twins and in ten months afterwards had triplets. All the little children are doing well.

At Winston not long since Joseph Farrar, a young man worth $15,000 was tried on the charge of stealing a pair of slippers worth $2,50. He was acquitted.

J. A. Spence & Bro., of Raleigh, made an assignment last Thursday. Liabilities are over $10,000 and assets are supposed to be about the same.

Mr. D. M. Goddy, of Polkton, who graduated at Wake Forest College last Thursday, died there that night of disentery, after only a few days illness.

The News says that a child weighing only two pounds was born to Mrs. James Dulap of Thomasville. The child is living and doing well.

Church bells were toled in many towns in the State Tuesday of last week in honor of ex-President Davis.

It is reported that Henry Watterson will deliver the address before the A. & M. College at Raleigh.

The Hebrews of New Berne have organized a congregation and will build a synagogue.

The Wesleyan Female College at Murfeesboro was destroyed last week by fire.

NATIONAL.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

TYRONE, Pa., May 30.—This morning a special train on the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad, composed of Walter Main's circus cars, got beyond control of the trainmen and came down the mountain with fearful rapidity. At Vail station the train was wrecked and animals and men and broken cars were piled up together. Six men were killed outright, twelve or fourteen others were badly wounded, some of them fatally. The circus is a complete wreck and it will take several days to get property together.

Broke Her Neck, But Doing Well.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 25.—Mrs. Sarah Holland, aged 64 years, fell down stairs this morning and broke her neck. A physician this afternoon removed seven pieces of neck bone, and Mrs. Holland is doing well.

Kills her Assailant.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May, 30.—Near Hazelhurst yesterday an unknown white tramp tried to commit a criminal assault on a white woman named Mrs. Crosby. She drew a pistol and shot him in the head. He staggered off a short distance and fell dead in his tracks.

Gold to go Abroad.

NEW YORK, May 31.—The Teutonic for Liverpool to-day carries a million and a quarter of gold. The Fuerst for Bismarck to-morrow will carry two millions.

Another Bank Closes Doors.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 1.—The Pankington Bank, which was involved in the F. A. Tappan failure, closed its doors this morning.

Mixed train No. 9 going [illegible] the Richmond & Danville [illegible] when within three miles [illegible] Ridgeway, S. C., last Thursday [illegible] into a washout about a hundred [illegible] wide and engineer Jack [illegible] and fireman T. D. Henry were instantly killed. The Express messenger was the only other [illegible] hurt.

Mrs. Marie Nevins Blair, divorced wife of James G. Blaine, and Dr. W. T. Bull, were married in New York last week. The Presbyterian General Assembly, which is in session at Washington, D. C., this week sustained the charges preferred against Dr. Chas. A. Briggs, of New York.

Gov. Murphey J. Foster, of Louisianna, has negotiated with the city of New Orleans for a loan of $1,000,000 to aid the suffering from the overflow in Lake Providence parish. There are over 1000 persons, mostly all negroes, homeless and starving. Disease is imminent.

On last Saturday morning at Montreall three white men were killed a Mr. Edy, cut the throats of his wife and a 20 year old daughter, robbed the house of all they could find and then fired the house on fire. The murderers have not been caught.

PAULDING, O., June 2.—[illegible] Bank, the oldest bank in Paulding county, and heretofore considered one of the saftest, closed its doors this morning. The bank was established in 1874 and always did a large banking business.

DECATUR, Ill., June 2.—[illegible] this morning a mob attacked the county jail and lynched Scott Bush, the negro who made the criminal assault upon Mrs. Wm. Bryant in Mount Zion township last Saturday.

A cyclone struck Memphis, Tenn., Wednesday of last week. Three were killed and a good many wounded. Twenty houses were blown down or badly damaged.

Howard county, ark., was visited by a cyclone Wednesday of last week resulting in the loss of [illegible] and destruction of much property to the amount of property $90,000.

The New Jersey Legislature has made a law imposing a fine of $100 on every man that is found drunk on Sunday, one-third of which goes to the informer.

The wholesale lumber firm of Athlei & Co., of St. Joseph, Mo., has made a deed of assignment June 1st.

Mr. T. B. [illegible] "Farm hand" which appears in this paper informs us that he wants to hire to his wife of the State of Georgia, those who wish to write to THE CAUCASIAN for [illegible] circulation should be published in this paper so as to every county in the State, one, and it should be sent to carry it out.

We did not [illegible] the board of [illegible] We learn they [illegible] cents on the [illegible] one of the J. [illegible] and his answer could not get [illegible] we learn that [illegible] and a few [illegible] sucking the [illegible] many years, it [illegible] have had to [illegible] tits where the [illegible] but they had a [illegible]

We hear of [illegible] soon start in [illegible] Parker and [illegible] will put in [illegible] old plant of [illegible] will be prepared [illegible] you may want [illegible] a fine mahogany [illegible] They can do it [illegible] workmen. [illegible] selves and they [illegible] save you much [illegible] ally go to [illegible] on money invested [illegible] rotaries and the [illegible]

In glancing [illegible] yesterday our eye [illegible] under "Personal": "We saw [illegible] of the death of [illegible] we stopped [illegible] in the paper [illegible] mented the [illegible] we exclaimed [illegible] by one that [illegible] art was said [illegible] to finish reading [illegible] found it was [illegible] not another; [illegible] Messrs. [illegible] nger to us [illegible] feeling, [illegible] d to all in[illegible] lt like a [illegible] old gentle[illegible] sent we should [illegible] cing him.

Mr. B. J. [illegible] idence in [illegible] t. Aged 60 [illegible] for years [illegible] & W. Railroad [illegible] confidence of [illegible] filling the [illegible] position of [illegible] considered one [illegible] bys. He was a [illegible] humble capacity [illegible] promotion, be [illegible] shinist, he could [illegible] to do so, no [illegible] position. He got [illegible] ion a few years [illegible] he saw mill but [illegible] partner in the [illegible] ompany. He [illegible] mber plant and [illegible] moved to Greensboro [illegible] nally gave way [illegible] d has been [illegible] r several [illegible] he was fa[illegible] man. We [illegible] the his[illegible]

The Raleigh Citizens [illegible] $20,000 in gold coin to the United States Treasury yesterday.

FREE AS AIR

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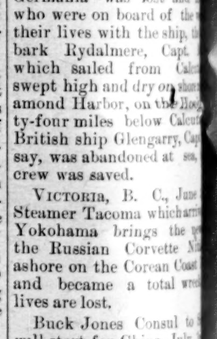

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THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., JUNE 8, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Truckers are realizing better prices for beans than they did for peas, we are glad to know.

Mr. John W. Bryan, the new Postmaster here, assumed the duties of his office on the first.

A gentleman who was present, says Dr. Thompson had a good crowd out to hear him at Fremont, and that he made a fine talk of about 2½ hours.

Mr. S. W. R. Stanly will accept the thanks of the editor for a complimentary invitation to attend the closing exercises of Liberty Academy, Randolph county, June 15th and 16th.

Miss Emma and Martha Mathews, Sampsonians, made this office a visit this week, and saw us work off the outside of our paper. We regret that the Editor was absent.

The little boy of Mr. Marcellus Best living on Widows hill suffered painful (but it is hoped not serious injuries) from a fall from out a tree a day or two ago. We learn he fell a distance of about 14 feet.

Died in what is known as New Town of this city on Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Grant, wife of Mr. Kinchen Grant. We extend sympathies to her almost heart broken husband and children. We learn that others of the family are quite sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Miller of this city have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavment, the death of their little child. Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven says our Savior. One more tie in Heaven and one less on earth.

Mr. J. R. Starling of the North end of the city is strutting around as big as cuffy because there is a bouncing boy at his house. He told us his name, but we did not have our pencil along and did not write it down, and therefore you can't prove by us what the young man will be called.

Mr. T. B. Parker, whose notice of "Farm hand and milker wanted," which appears in THE CAUCASIAN, informs us that he has received answers to his want, from all portions of the State. This is a pointer to those who wish to reach the people. THE CAUCASIAN has not only a local circulation superior to any paper published in this section but it goes to every county in the State except one, and it shall go there, if we have to carry it ourselves.

We did not attend the meeting of the board of magistrates on Monday. We learn they fixed the tax at 20 cents on the $100. We enquired of one of the J. P's. what the tax was and his answer was 20 cents, "we could not get them any higher," and we learn that the WE was himself and a few others who have been sucking the public paps for lo these many years, it is true some of them have had to suck some of the back tits where there was not much milk but they had a tit all the same.

We hear of another enterprise to soon start in Goldsboro. Mr. S. B. Parker and O. L. Baker, we learn, will put in some machinery in the old plant of O. R Rand & Co., and will be prepared to make anything you may want from a hoe handle to a fine mahogany set of furniture. They can do it. They are practical workmen. Will do the work themselves and therefore will be able to save you much of the cost that usually go to pay capitalists per cent. on money invested, presidents, secretaries and treasurers salaries.

In glancing over the Messenger of yesterday our eyes fell upon an item under "Personal Mention" which we read: "We sincerely regret to learn of the death of Mr. Geo. V. Strong," and we stopped and turned our eyes from the paper and then and there lamented the loss of our old friend, and we exclaimed, is he, too, gone? one by one they pass away; and our heart was sad. We finally returned to finish reading the item, and we found it was not our Geo. V. Strong, but another; a traveling salesman for Messrs. Giles & Murchison, a stranger to us. We cannot express our feeling, our old friend was dead to all intents, in our mind, and it felt like a return to life, and if the old gentleman could have been present we should have felt like embracing him.

Mr. B. J. Langston died at his residence in this city on Tuesday last. Aged 60 years. Mr. Langston was for years an engineer on the W. & W. Railroad and enjoyed the confidence of the company. In fact filling the humble but responsible position of engineer only, he was considered one of the roads standbys. He was content to serve in his humble capacity and did not seek promotion, being a practical machinist, he could if he had aspired to to do so, no doubt, filled a higher position. He grew tired of his occupation a few years back and went into the saw mill business, at first being a partner in the Goldsboro Lumber Company. He afterwards started a lumber plant at Kenly, and finally removed to Greenville. His health finally gave way and he come home and has been confined to his bed for several months. Uncle Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a good man. We extend our sympathies to the his family.

The President and Faculty of the N. C. College of A. & M. A. will accept our thanks for an invitation to attend the Commencement exercises June 10 to 14.

The printer, the proof reader or Dunk Downing one or the other made quite a mistake in Dunks communication in last issue, The communication as it appeared shows that the Hon. Alex Thagard is the only man in Cumberland county that has withdrawn his money from the Business Agency and that the amount is only $1,000 when in fact Alex did not have but $1 in the concern. We make this correction as much for Mr. Thagard benefit as for others, for if Alex's neighbors knew that he had $1,000 just draw out of the Agency they might be worrying him to borrow it.

Tobe Stevens is out in the Argus in another letter, but it is plowing the same ground again, nothing new in it. Tobe evidently wants notoriety, and he wants it through THE CAUCASIAN, and we have no objections to his having it, only we hate to spare so much of our valuable space to enable him to accomplish his desire. Tobe says he did not vote to repeal the Alliance charter. He says "there was a difference of opinion and he did not vote on the passage of the bill." That is, OTHERS differed in THEIR opinion of the measure and therefore HE did not know what to do. In other words if all the rest could have agreed he would have had no trouble in knowing what to do, Tobe has stumbled on the truth and told it. It is just about what the people of Wayne county thought about him, they did not think he had sense enough to represent them or they would have ELECTED him to the Legislature. Will Tobe state how he voted upon a motion to have the ayes and nays taken upon the passage of the bill?

DID HE THINK OF THE QUESTION ASKED?

A few nights ago in passing a bar room in this city the bar tender was standing in the door evidently waiting for the next customer, and while standing there he was whistling in tones as sweet as sweet could be, "Is my name written there?" Young man, if the Bible is true, it is not, nor can it ever be so long as you are engaged in the whiskey traffic.

IS IT, OR IS IT NOT?

The Atlanta Constitution says the Democratic party is in favor of a tariff for revenue only; and the Richmond Dispatch says no we aint either. Well gentlemen you will have to settle it; we don't know, we'll tell you in the sweet by and by what the democratic party favored along that line, that is if it ever gets to that line.

See under the head of correspondence a letter from the head of a big mercantile house in Baltimore. We publish it to let the readers of THE CAUCASIAN see the "other side" of the financial question as he presents it. The next day after we got the letter we noticed in a Baltimore paper that the gentleman who wrote the letter was applying for an appointment under Cleveland.

PROTEST AGAINST HIS METHOD.

Choctaw Indians Incensed at Inspector Paul Faison's Investigation.

PARIS, Texas, June the 2.—Inspector F. Faison, who was sent by the Interior Department to investigate the Choctaw troubles, and has for several days been inquiring into the charges made against Indian Agent Bennet, has stirred things up in the Choctaw Nation. Instead of settling matters, it seems that he has made them worse.

Yesterday a large mass-meeting of full-bloods was held at Sugar Loaf, in the Choctaw Nation, where a series of resolutions were unanimously adopted After recounting the troubles and discussions among them, they declared that they have watched Faison's course, and charge that he is ignorant of the Choctaw laws; that he likes deliberation and firmness; that he has been unfair in his investigations, and that he has refused to summon material witnesses; that instead of conducting himself as a fair and impartial officer without reference to parties or factions, he told various persons that if they wanted to win and retain the offices of the nation they ought to have managed the elections as he and his people did by fixing the ballot boxes, and stated how it was done where he came from; that such conduct was unbecoming an officer in his position, and tended to corrupt and alienate an already distressed and embittered people; that he is not the man to settle this trouble, but will increase it; that in the interest of harmony he should at once be replaced by a fair, impartial, and discreet man; that they will not co-operate with any unfair man, and entered a solid protest against his further retention in his present position. Copies of the resolution was sent President Cleveland and Secretary Smith, of the interior Department. They openly assert that every charge can be sustained by ample testimony.

We clip the above from the Washington Post, and while it may be only one side of the picture and the other side may be presented in quite a different light. It is, if true, a serious charge, and Mr. Faison should be downed at once. The fact of his being ignorant of the laws under which he is to act and want of firmness and fairness is enough to disqualify. But aside from this, if he, as it is charged, was engaged in a disreputable (disreputable in the eyes of honest men) election transaction, in other words if he is a ballot box stuffer, he is not the man for the place. Unless as we heard one high in authority say some time ago in speaking to the writer about crookedness in the late election, they believe is not wrong to do wrong to keep the Democratic party in power.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

THE PROBABLE TRIUMPH OF RING POLITICS—THE WILMINGTON POST OFFICE—MISLEAD BY MANUFACTURED CLAMOR THE PRESIDENT WILL APPOINT GLENN—ELIAS SCALES FOR THE COLLECTORSHIP.

WHAT "JONATHAN EDWARDS" HEARS IN WASHINGTON ABOUT THE PEOPLE'S PARTY MOVEMENT IN VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

The Handwriting on the Wall!

WASHINGTON, June 5th, 1893.

We all have our doubts, they say, but I did not realize the extent of the rule until I met Capt. Bill Oldham of Wilmington. He is a striking reproduction of the great Indian Warrior. Sitting Bull." His bronzed, massive face was decorated with bright red war paint, and those who know him say he slings a tomahawk with the grace of a frolicsome frontiersman. He carries a polished and keenly whetted blade, and once he gets within scalping distance of the festive Geo. L. Morton there will be one applicant less for the the Wilmington Postoffice. He is after Morton's scalp, but it is a question of rapid transit. Can Oldham's "local freight" run down Morton's "Shoo Fly?" Upon that depends whether the "Sitting Bull" of the Cape Fear Democracy will ever decorate the stamp window of the Wilmington postoffice. Oldham was a famous scout in Lee's army. He has been an active, zealous Democratic worker, and more than once has he imperriled both his life and fortune in behalf of Democratic success. But these things cut no figure at all when "the other fellow" has the senatorial endorsement. They make charges against Morton, which really strengthens his chance. For instance, they say, that he is a hireling of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad; that he voted against a railroad commission at the behest of that corporation; that he also voted to rob the people of New Hanover at the same behest; that he is without following or influence and that he could not be elected constable in any township in New Hanover county. The day has passed, it seems, when accusations of this kind (which ought to damn forever) affect a man's character, so far as public office is concerned. They may not be true in Morton's case, but if they are, following the rule in other cases, Morton's appointment may be considered certain. It is a great abuse, but it is the inevitable result of Ring politics. It is the every day work of the "machine politics," and there will be no reform until the people demand it and fight for it. Morton represents the machine in Wilmington politics. Months ago his appointment as postmaster was arranged. The anti-machine crowd threatened an indignation meeting in the event of his appointment. They say too that they will make it pretty hot for Senator Ransom. They are even reckless enough at this stage of the excitement, to threaten a FAIR ELECTION in New Hanover county, with all the disastrous consequences to the Democratic ticket that could follow! But it is bluster. Party revolts are not inspired by such petty contentions. It is foolish talk. When Morton is appointed, the fellows who are now denouncing him will be running after him. The flunkies will be on hand early in the day to extend their congratulations, and express their contempt for the methods that were employed to defeat his appointment. Morton ought not to be invested with any official trust, if the monstrous accusations against him are true, but there is no way to prevent it, except by popular election; that would settle it; that is the only remedy for such abuses. In this instance four votes for United States Senator are involved. If Senators were elected by direct vote of the people the machine would soon find it self without an occupation. There shoud be no let up in the agitation of this reform. One important step in this direction can be taken in the next election. Let the people insist and demand a thorough canvass of the State by the different candidates for United States Senator. Let the fight be made on that line, and the people may have some voice in the election of the next United States Senator from North Carolina. A like plan has been adopted in Illinois, California and other states, and it should be followed in North Carolina.

THE WESTERN DISTRICT APPOINTMENTS.

The delay in making the Western District appointment has puzzled everybody here. It is now within a week when there will be a vacancy in the office of the District Attorney Glenn, Elias, Carter of Asheville, and John W. Graham are the principal candidates. Up to a recent date the contention has been between Glenn and Elias, with all the chances in favor of Elias. Glenn's appointment has been put on the ground of a demand by the State, and Simmons was sent here to express that demand to the President. Simmons labored with the President for an hour or more, urging and begging, in behalf of the Democratic party of the State, Glenn's appointment. The failure to appoint Glenn, he told the President, would prove disastrous to the Democratic organization in the State, and would almost certainly result in the defeat of a Democratic United States Senator two years hence. He impressed the President with his little innocent romance, and obtained from him, it is said, a qualified promise to make the appointment. It is a notorious fact, and everybody so understands it in North Carolina, that Glenn's campaign—coarse, blasphemous, bullragging as it was, cost the Democratic party thousands of votes. He said everywhere that he was doing Simmons' dirty work with the distinct understanding that he should be appointed District Attorney for the Western District, in the event of Mr. Cleveland's election. He now demands his pay, and Simmons, with a show of the whole State at his back, endorses the demand. It goes for nothing that he is entirely unfit for the place. Hardly a reputable lawyer in the State will say honestly that they believe the appointment a wise one. They know that Glenn is hot-tempered, bull-headed and otherwise disqualified, yet they have all "signed for him." We are simply "a nation of liars." I heard two of the most reputable lawyers in the State say the other day that they signed Glenn's petition, knowing him to be incompetent. But the President can't investigate these things. They claim that "Glenn bullied Butler!" That's enough. He will get the appointment, unless the President changes his mind. When every persuasion failed Brother Sanderlin trotted out "Butler's ghost" and he was at once "a winner." Brother Bell is playing the same string, and there may possibly, be enough of the ghost left to go around (By the way, what has become of Bro. Sanderlin? I have been anxiously looking for his return, hoping that I might be of some slight service to him in warning him against the pitfalls and fashionable vices that everywhere environ the innocent in this Godless, wicked town. May the Lord give him grace and wisdom to the end)

It is well understood here that the President does not wish to appoint Glenn, and that he is only yielding to a pressure which he is reluctant to ignore. He has an obligation of of his own to meet. He never forgets a friend, they say. The conclusion here is, that he will appoint Elias, collector of the Western District. To do that he will be compelled to ignore Senator Vance's recommendation, but that is an easy thing to do. He wouldn't be discourteous to Vance, neither would he greatly inconvenience himself to please him. Senator Ransom has not endorsed Vance's candidate—Hezikiah Gudger—for the collectorship. It is safe—absolutely so to say, that he will not endorse him. Ellias' appointment would please him immensely. It would mean a solid Ransom vote west of the Blue Ridge. Elias is a shrewd, discreet, sagacious politician. He is a self made man, and was carefully educated in the Jim Robinson school of politics. Robinson was a quick-brained, big-hearted fellow and a loyal friend. Elias is well equipped for the collectorship—in fact he would make a much safer collector than District Attorney. It is believed here that the appointment will be tendered him, and nobody here or elsewhere is fool enough to believe that he means what he says, when he ambiguously intimates that he will not take it. Brother Sanderlin is not unlike all the rest in accepting any and everything that is offered. Elias as collector is plainly "the logic of the situation." If anything can secure to Ransom the Democratic caucus nomination, Elias' appointment can. He is strong in that section of the State where Ransom is weak, and where Jarvis is correspondingly strong. Elias is almost indispensible to Ransom. Mr. Henderson they say, leans strongly towards him, so it seems now that Elias is the coming man. The appointments for the Eastern and Western Districts will be make simultanously, and within a few days. It will be the signal for the opening of the Senatorial campaign in the State between Ransom and Jarvis. It promises to be an animated fight, and for a long time yet there will be no odds in the betting.

UNEASINESS AMONG DEMOCRATS.

A prominent Democrat from North Carolina, whose name I am not at liberty to mention to publish, told me a few days ago as an open secret that the Democratic party in the State was going to the devil as fast as time could carry it. The delay in removing Republican officials and the admin'stration policy of retaining negro postmasters in office, has driven hundreds and thousands of Democrats into open mutiny and rebellion. "Add to this" he said, "the certainty that the next Congress will utterly fail to redeem the Democratic pledges that were unconditionally made in the last campaign, and for the life of me I can't see the vestige of a hope. As it is, nothing short of a revolution in public sentiment will stay the independent movement in the state. The people feel that they have been trifled with, and once their resentment is fully aroused, they do not stop to consider results and consequences." This was not news to me, but if the use of his name did not involve a confidence, it would be a diversion to read what the Bourbon press in the State would say about him. To the most ordiary intelligence it is obvious that the day of reckoning with the people is near at hand.

I quote a line from a private line written by one of the best men of God ever made; "I was 72 years old on the 28th day of May. For more than half a century—in every election before and since the war—I have voted the Democratic ticket. In the last election I voted as I had done for 50 years before, but I mentally resolved never to do so again until there was a change in the principles and management of the Democratic party. I am now fully convinced that nothing short of independent political action on the part of the people will correct existing abuses. Am I not right?" I hardly need answer my old friend and contemporary, for long since, I have played the way in the direction he is now going, only self preservation and self respect compel such men to sever their party allegiance.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY MOVEMENT IN VIRGINIA.

Leading Democrats who are here every week from different parts of Virginia express the very greatest apprehension about electing the Democratic State ticket next fall. Montgomery county gave 300 Democratic majority in the last election. In a county election held two weeks ago, the Independent ticket swept the county by 500 majority.

Speaking of this incident Mr. Hampton Hoge, who has recently been appointed Consul to Amoy, said it only pointed to the danger that everywhere threatened the Democratic party in the State. The Independent movement he said, was growing every day. The popular idea that the movement had died out with the last election was absurdly foolish. The revolt will grow into a revolution by the next congressional election, if congress fails to make good, Democratic pledges. The people now demand "the last pound of flesh" and they are deeply in earnest, Other Virginians here speak of the situation in that State in about the same way. They all agree that a great peril confronts the Democratic party, and that a single mistake in the nomination of a State ticket in August will lose the State. Every thing now points to O. Ferrells nomination, which they say is the most unwise and the most unpopular nomination that could be made. He is very obnoxious to the farmer element, and representative Virginians here do not hesitate to say openly that his nomination will result in the election of the Independent or Fusion ticket.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

The following item will give our readers something of an idea how much ground they will have to travel over to inspect the World's Fair. "Jackson Park, in which the exposition is held, has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and one half miles, and contains 533 acres, 77 of which are water. The midway Plaisance is a mile long and 600 feet wide and contains 80 acres more. There are 39 exposition buildings proper, and a floor space of 159 acres. Adding the galleries, there are 199.7 acres. Grouped around these are 44 state and territorial buildings erected by foreign governments, and forty others for minor purposes of the managements, resturants and advertising wages and enterprises. In Midway Plaisance are the foreign villages, shops, and etc. The visitor who would merely take a passing look at each of the vast array of exhibits must prepare to walk a long 124 miles of aisles. Add to this the distance from one building to another, which must of necessity be traveled a great many times, and the distance to be covered will reach fully 150.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have been requested by some of those who are now engaged in the preparation of "The National Cyclopedia of American Biography," to try to procure the autographs of the following named Governors of North Carolina: James Turner, David Stone, William Hawkins, Jesse Franklin, James Iredell' Ben. Williams, Nathaniel Alexander, Ben. Smith, William Miller, Gabriel Holmes, John Owen, Montford Stokes.

If the newspapers of the State will kindly give this request one or two insertions they may do the State some service in trying to rescue from oblivion the namesand autographs of many of our early Governors. If any of the newspapers or any other person can ascertain the country in which any one of said Governors resided at the time of his death, and will inform me of the same, he or they will oblige me by so doing. It is reasonable to suppose that any man who was prominent enough to be Governor of North Carolina must have left his autograph among some of the records of his county.

It is proper to remark that I have no interest in this matter except as a citizen of the the State.

C. H. Brogden.

Goldsboro, N. C.,

DUNK DOWNING CORRECTS.

BUCKHORN, N. C., June 3rd 1893.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to make a correction in a communication in your issue of June 1st signed "Dunk Downing" which reads as follows: "One of her boys has been to Washington to try to get the negro turned out of the Post office at Fayetteville But Mr. Cleveland did not like him for he knew that Cumberland county got herself in a mess with that same fellow because he was accused of stealing several thousand dollars worth of coupons that was deposited in his safe of which the County Treasurer had his receipt for; he being ex-speaker of the House he was not prosecuted." It is said that the above charge was false though it was circulated. The County Treasurer did not have any one's receipt for the coupons. The matter was settled and the county didn't loose a cent. Therefore I hasten to make the correction. DUNK DOWNING.

THE A. AND M. COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The commencement exercises of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College will begin with the Class Day, Friday June 9th.

On Monday, June 12th, the Rev. Henry W. Battle D. D. will preach the Bacalaureate sermon in the College Chapel.

On Tuesday, June 13th, essays will be read by members of the graduating class in the College Chapel.

On Wednesday. June 14th, in the College Chapel, diplomas will be delivered to the graduates by President Holladay after which an address will be delivered by Hon. Henry Watterson of Kentucky, one of the most brilliant and fascinating orators now living.

The first issue of The Revolution a reform paper started by Mr. Samuel Archie at Charlotte is on our table. It is a very newsy creditable paper. It starts out with vigor and force and we trust will be an important force in the reform fight.

Mr. Geo. V. Strong Jr. aged 32, son of Judge Strong committed suicide in Rocky Mount Monday. He is a well-known drummer. He leaves a wife and one child. Ill health brought on despondency.

Presicent Cleveland announces that he will call an extra session of congress about September 1st.

Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, died in New York yesterday June 7th.

Dr. Cyrus Thompson will speak at Grays Creek, Cumberland county on June 22d.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In making remittances to us, always do so by money order if you are near a money order office, do not send maney, stamps or postal note if it can be avoided. In sending sums of $2,00 and upwards, register letter at our expense. This is important. tf.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

"If The Shoe Fits Wear It."

BELLCROSS, Camden County, N. C.—We know some men, good honest men, who are working every day against their own interest. A poor Allianceman is he, that will neglect his duty to home and humanity for a little political prejudice. "cutting off his own nose to spite his face." This is what every farmer is doing who is not a true Allianceman. Deny it or not, it is true nevertheless. Farmers could you expect Satan to gain a great many "imps" for torment if he always advocated christianity and Heaven? Again, could you expect Heaven to have a hoste of holy angels if all of the ministers of God advocated the principle of the wicked one with God himself testifying to what they said in His blest book? No, indeed! You would not, neither would you expect good to come from evil doing. It is contrary to the Bible, and all that is reasonable. Since this is the case, why not unite as brethren, and fight for a common cause for the good of the oppressed and suffering poor? Who among you could conscientiously advocate a measure for the benefit of a few conceited office-seekers, when you could see the innocent ones that must needs suffer from your advocacy of that measure? What did the candidates for the legislature promise you last summer in the heat of the campaign? What did they do when they got there? Did all in their power to repeal the Alliance charter, thus wrenching all power and benefits of co-operation from the farmers.

Where is that dear brother that patted you on the shoulder and even made you special visits during the campaign? He would not visit you before. Has he called on you since? I trow not. Ah! my poor friend, he was not caring for you then. He only wanted your vote, he got it and what he lacked being voted in he finished it by counting. (I don't say every officer elected this way but the majority of them were.) Now you see that you have been duped. Go like galley slaves tie yourselves hand and foot, let them kick you down the hill after the election.

I'm glad that the P. P's candidates were defeated if their success had to be obtained by defrauding Take comfort friends in the blessed thought of being innocent. In such a defeat there is no disgrace (to the defeated) and in such a success no honor.

Much success to THE CAUCASIAN and the principles it has adopted. Hurrah for THE CAUCASIAN and reform. Respectfully,

Will Some Partisan Answer These Questions.

1. Why would free coinage cause the United States to be the dumping ground for silver?
2. Why is it that silver dollars is not as good in the hands of the bond holder as gold?
3. What give silver its value?
4. What gives gold its value?
5. What is the cause of silver not being received as interest on bonds?
6. Why is it one silver dollar is worth more than another, when the smaller is worth more than the larger?
7. Could not gold be cut short of its value by the same means silver was?

Anyone answering these questions and not answering correctly will be criticised and corrected and then if not satisfied I will meet any man in the State in a joint debate on silver and its free coinage.

T. E. HASKINS.

Brunswick County.

SOUTHPORT, N. C. May, 22, 1893.

HON. MARION BUTLER, DEAR SIR and BRO.—I cannot speak two highly of your noble paper THE CAUCASIAN. Its coming is hailed with delight by every member of the family and its contents are not only read by us, but we have adopted the plan of read and hand it to your neighbor thereby hoping to aid in the cause of reform and perhaps inducing others to subscribe to your paper. There would be no trouble to secure subscribers from a good many farmers and every one has made the same reply, "I would be so glad to subscribe for I like the paper, but have not the money to pay for it." I am convinced that one subscription would insure another for its pleasant visits are like a gleam of sunshine athwart the rugged pathway of the struggling laborer, and as he reads the words of truth contained in its pages he is inspired with hope and his courage is renewed by the knowledge that you are on the watch tower, and will "cry aloud and spare not".

I assure you that you have a great hold on the hearts of the common people, that is the laboring classes who will stand by you in any emergency. You are fighting their battles and they will not let you stand alone. In this county, (Brunswick) last fall every candidate on the People's party ticket was elected by a large majority yet the board of canvassers counted them out alleging that the paper on which the tickets were printed was not white which was notoriously false. Their action in this matter has been very damaging to the Democratic party in this county, and I have yet to meet one who has the effrontery to speak in vindication of the dastardly proceedings. So we say "Lay on, Maeduff," "Turn the light" and may success crown your efforts.

Yours truly,

A. E. WESCOTT.

IF YOU WISH

To help the cause of reform get your neighbors to read THE CAUCASIAN. Send for a bundle of sample copies and give one to each of your neighbors. You will then be sure to be able to get us a club.

Mustn't Make Any Noise About It.

The latest reports from Washington in reference to the removal of colored postmasters in the South are of a better hue. It is said that the President is in favor of removing them, but does not think much noise should be made over it. He is right in that.—Wilmington Star.

Getting Ready.

The State committee of the Populist party met in Richmond Va. yesterday, to name a time and place for holding thier State convention. Getting ready don't cher see?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Texas.

HICO, TEXAS, May 29th 1893.

MR. MARION BUTLER, Goldsboro, N. C., DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Inclosed I send you one dollar for which you will send THE CAUCASIAN, commencing with last weeks issue, to Mr. J. P. Major, Fairy, Hamilton Co. Texas.

It might be a good investment to send him a bundle of sample copies, he is a very good man with considerable influence. The reform cause has a considerable following in this county, and unless relief comes through the present administration, the reform tiebet will sweep this country like a cyclone.

I am delighted with the fearless, manly course of your paper and if you will continue to "hew to the line" you need have no fears of ulsimate success, for you are right. Stick to truth and justice and God will guide you through With best wishes for yourself and THE CAUCASIAN I am Yours Fraternally,

A. G. PERSON.

Gates County.

Capt. John Brady of Gates, writes with refepence to the trip of Rev. J. T. B. Hoover, to his county, he says:

"If ever there was a man in the right place, Bro. Hoover is that man. He arouses the luke warm in the Alliance, and forever to silence the tongues of many of our enemies. Bro. Hoover is doing a great work for the Alliance and the Business Agency."

Rockingham County.

OREGON, N. C., May 29th, ED. CAUCASIAN.—Failed to get my paper dated 17, please send copy, I don't want to miss one, besides we want to keep up with the story "The Hidden City." It is a No. 1 story, and THE CAUCASIAN is the best paper in the State. When the paper comes there is a scramble in my family to get to read the paper first. Our Alliance is growing. One of your everlasting subscribers.

J. A. TALLEY.

Sampson County.

BLAND, N. C.—Mr. Grady thinks the hair of the dog is good for the bite. Last fall the Democratic bosses offiliated with the Republicans to take out Democrat Postmasters and Postmistresses for a campaign affect thinking it would drive the wite man to tha Democrats ranks and it did so to a great extent. Now he goes to Washington and tells his gang that this high-tone Democrat constituents are highly insulted and wants Miss Watson put back in office at Kenansville and the negro removed at Fayetteville.

They no doubt think that they can now remove the two negro Postmasters which they themselves had appointed and then claim that they are the white man's party &c. But they will not fool anybody by this dodge. The people have gotten their eyes open and can begin to see into the tricks of the politicians. We had not lost faith in Mr. Grady however till he flopped entirely over by voting to increase his own pay. He should hereafter be known as B. F. Greedy. N.

Vance County.

KITRELL, N. C., May 20th, 1893.

DEAR BRO. BUTLER.—I have just read THE CAUCASIAN of May 18, 1893. It is one of the brightest and best. It is one of the best papers in the South with only one exception. Your bar-room advertisement is a blot of deepest color. It is inconsistant for you to publish Rev. Thomas Dixons sermon, on the modern saloon, which contains this sentance: "The saloon as an institution swings open more doors to hell than any other power." And then in your reform paper advertise these open doors to hell, as if you wished your readers to find these and pass through them to the regions of the damned. Oh! consistancy thou art a jewel. A goodly number of your patrons are eager for the utter destruction of the whole liquor business, and we do not wish to be partners in the saloon, to the extent of circulating an advertisement of the very thing we denounce. Take out, and keep out, your advertisement of the saloon. Then oour paper will be equal to the best and purest. Bro. Butler, come forth with clean hands and a pure heart if you would claim the blessing of God in this grand reform movement.

Thy friend and brother,

J. H. GILBREATH.

The Other Side.

A member of one of the largest business houses in Baltimore writes us the following letter:

HON. MARION BUTLER, DEAR SIR.—If your circulation is as stated, and I presume it is, then your terms are not too high. If business was at all good, I would not hesitate to give you the order. This leads me to ask why is business so dull? Why is cotton so low? What has reduced the value of naval stores? What has reduced the price of stocks and made bankers and capitalists so nervous and anxious in the past few weeks? Among manufactures, jobbers and all our most intelligent financiers, then comes but one answer to these important questions. They all with one voice, say too much silver and too little gold. The United States, the richest nation in the world, is giving her gold to wiser, and weaker nations in exchange for silver. And as gold is the standard coin of the world, it nautrally finds its way where it is most appreciated: Our serious loss is the gain of England, France and Germany. This being true, the next question is, who is to blame? As politics controls all things then, which one of the three political parties is most the blame? Yours the Populist (you now call it) is of course, to blame. Silver is your metal. As I understand you, you want to coin all the silver in this and other lands into American silver coin. The southern and western democrats, are also to blame. The President and Cabinet, as I understand them, are all right, but can do absolutely nothing without the co-operation of the Senate and Representatives. If they will only repeal the Sherman bill and give us a sound currency, our great wealth and unlimited resources will, as they should do, attract capital from abroad, bring our gold back and make us not only the richest but most prosperous nation in the world, and enable us to give you an "ad" mutually, beneficially, not monthly but by the year. Yours truly,

If you want to keep up with the procession you must read THE CAUCASIAN each week.

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Is unequaled for House, Barn, Factory or Out-buildings, and costs half the price of shingles, tin or iron. It is ready for use, and easily applied by any one. Send stamp for samples, and state size of roof. EXCELSIOR PAINT & ROOFING CO., Dept. 12. 152 Duane St., New York, N. Y.

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ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
Even now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

Good News From Alabama.

Bro. Grace, president of the Alabama state Alliance, writes us May 16th: "Our people are more enthusiastic than ever before, and hence I am more hopeful of ultimate success."

Wayne County.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., MAY 23rd, 1893.

MR. MARION BUTLER, EDITOR CAUCASIAN, DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—Some of the members of cotton blossom Alliance No. 687, met at their lodge at Daniels school house Wayne county, N. C., on April 29 1893, and re-organized by electing A. J. Summerlin President, P. L. Summerlin vice President, B. W. Daniel Secretary, Wm. Daniel Treasurer, Mrs. Lydia Daniel Chaplin, J. R. Boyett Sergeant-at-arms, Jas. B Brock Lecturer, Charley Brown door keeper L. D. Summerlin assistant.

MR. EDITOR.—We are re-organized and are more than ever determined to stand by the Alliance and its principles. We have had only one meeting since our re-organization then we had two applications for membership, and I have heard of several more to come. Success to the Alliance! May we all live to see its aims a perfect success. May THE CAUCASIAN continue to increase and spread the truth.

Fraternally yours,

A. J. SUMMERLIN Pres.

B. W. DANIELS Sec'y.

TO HAVE A BIG MEETING.

Resolutions of Beach Cliff Alliance.

RESOLVED 1st. That we the members of Beach Cliff Alliance request our President T. L. Vail to issue a call through THE CAUCASIAN and Progressive Farmer to all Alliance men to turn out in full force, with their wives and families at our county Alliance meeting on the 2nd Thursday in July next and have one of those pleasant and profitable meetings that the farmer's have so often had and enjoyed in the past in the old county of Mecklenburg.

C. F. ALEXANDER Pres.

R. E. KING Sec'y pro tem.

20th of May 1893.

P. S. RESOLVED 2nd. That Prof. W. D. Vinson be asked to address the Alliance at our next county meeting at 11 o'clock a. m. 2nd Thursday in July next.

In compliance with the above request the members of the Alliance are most cordially invited to meet with us at our county Alliance meeting which will be held on above date at Grove sub-Alliance near Lado, about six miles west of Charlotte. Distinguished speakers are expected to address the meeting, say from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m, to which the public are invited. As the press of farm work for the season will be about over we expect a large attendance and an enjoyable time.

Fraternally

T. L. VAIL, President.

Mecklenburg county Alliance.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethern at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance:

MARTIN COUNTY.

Robersonville,	June 7,	10 a. m.
Williamston,	" 8,	" "
Beanly Sub-Alliance,	" 9,	" "
Plymouth, June		10, 11 a. m.
Albermarle, June		12, 11 a. m.
Cresswell, June		13, 11 a. m.

TYRELL COUNTY.

Scuppernong,	June 14,	10 a. m.
Columbia,	" 15,	" "
Gum Neck,	" 16,	" "

Speaking at 10 o' clock a. m.

Sample of Shoes, clothes, etc. will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speaking attend. Speaking at 10 o' clock a. m. Other appointments will follow.

Fraternally

W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

BURGAW HIGH SCHOOL,

O. J. PETERSON, A. B., PRINCIPAL.

Next Session Opens Sept. 4th, '93.

Enrollment for First Session was 88, an increase of 66 over the enrollment at beginning.

Eight counties represented. Board $7 per month. Tuition $1.25 to $3 50, according to grade. Music $2.50.

Write to the Principal for Catalogue. may11-5ms—2p.

WANTED.

A good farm hand. Must be a good milker, of steady habits and willing to work. No profane nor drinking person need apply.

Address, T. B. PARKER,
Goldsboro, N. C.

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Receivers of Berries, Potatoes and all kinds of Southern Truck, also Eggs and Poultry. Correspondence solicited. Write for Stencils and Market Reports, which are furnished free on application. Prompt sales and quick returns. References: Chatham National Bank, N. Y.; Thurber-Whyland Co., N. Y. and all mercantile agencies. mh2—6m

Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the last will of Barna Daniel, deceased, all persons holding claims against his estate are notified to present them for payment by June 1st, 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

WILLIAM DANIEL, Ex'r.
may 25-6ws.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CORNY'S CATAMOUNT.

BY LOUIS M. ALCOTT.

(CONTINUED.)

Anxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view; and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last!

There it was, the big, fierce cat, crouched in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from its neck and the tremble of its limbs plainly showed.

"Now's my chance! I don't care who shot it, I'll kill it, and own its skin, too, if I pay my last dollar for it," thought Corny; and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck two quick blows, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl, and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This achievement atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the catamount was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphal entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"I wish I didn't look so like a scarecrow; but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Wont the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat! Hope there's a house not very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this cat much further, I'm so starved and shaky."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment later several men came bursting through the woods, cheering wildly as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool "Hullo!"

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a sort of wild jig around his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go, and all night had rushed up and down seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till, almost exhausted, he looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me? —I'd a got up a hunt for you wuth havin.'—You oughtn't to have gone off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap for gettin' inter scrapes,—and out of 'em too, I'm bound to own," growled Abner.

"That isn't a wild goose, is it?" proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the catamount, which now lay on the ground, while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it's not, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot it?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"I didn't shoot it; I broke my gun when I took that header down the mountain. I hit the catamount a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found it," answered Corny, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into it; I only finished the fight."

"Chris shot it, then; he fired not long ago, and we saw the critter run, but we were too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you've had enough of catamounts for once hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corny, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew, —ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark, which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I haven't I want this one, and I'll buy it if Chris will let me. I said I'd kill one, and I did, and I want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corny stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or we'll have to cart you home. Youv'e done well, and now you want a good meal to set you on your feet again. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hail Columby!"

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The tall, hearty man, with the dead animal at his back, went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff soberly brought up the rear, with his eye constantly on the wild cat.

In this order they reached home, and Corny sought his mother's comforting care, and was seen no more for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plantain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received very meekly the congratulations showered upon him. He made no more boasts of skill and courage that summer, set out on no more wild hunts, and gave up his own wishes so cheerfully that it was evident something had worked a helpful changed in willful Corny.

He liked to tell the story of that day and night, whenever his friends were recounting adventures by sea and land; but he never said much about the hours on the ledge, always owned that Chris shot the beast, and usually ended by sagely advising his hearers to let their mothers know when they wanted to go on a lark of that kind. Those who knew and loved him best observed that he was fonder than ever of nibbling checkerberry leaves, that he didn't mind being laughed at for liking to wear a bit of pine in his buttonhole, and that the skin of the catamount, so hardly won, lay before his study table till the moths ate it up.

(THE END.)

Sampson County.

TIMOTHY, N. C., MR. EDITOR.—I am interested very much in your valuable pader, especially the young folks corner. And as I have seen so many questions asked I will now ask one. When was the University of N. C., regularly opened and who constituted the faculty? I will close wishing you and your paper much success Your unknown friend,

LILLIE O. WATTS.

Tyrell County.

COLUMAIA, N. C., May 19th 1893, MR. EDITOR.—For some time I have been looking admiringly on the young folks column, and have delayed until now to ask for admittance there. I hope I may be welcome, although I may not prove very interesting to you all. I am a little boy twelve years of age. My papa takes your valuable paper and is pleased with it. I go to school all the time but our school will close 15 of June. I have two sisters younger than myself and one older, my oldest sister takes music lessons and likes it splendid. I will ask a question. When was Texas annexed to the United States? Wishing THE CAUCASIAN much success, I am

Yours truly,
WALTER OWENS.

Union County.

MONROE, May 16th 1893, MR. MARION BUTLER, SIR.—As you requested the little girls to write you a letter I will write you a few lines. I am a little girl nine years of age, live three miles from Monroe. My grand papa takes THE CAUCASIAN and he and papa both think it the best paper they ever read, and I think so too. I love to read the childrens' letters, I hope they will write more of them. I will answer Lillie Kerrs' question. Negro-slaves were first introduced into the English colonies in 1620. I will ask too questions, first, in what year was the Capitol of North Carolina burnt down, second, and what did the present one cost? I will close wishing you and THE CAUCASIAN much success.

Your little friend,
MAUD G. SECREST.

Moore County.

JONESBORO, N. C., May 29th '93. MR. EDITOR.—I am a girl of fifteen years, I live in Moore county. My father is a farmer. He takes THE CAUCASIAN and I like to read it, especially the Children's Corner. I will answer the question asked by Lizzie E. Langdale. The battle of Lexington was fought April 19th 1775. I hope that my answer is correct. Wishing much success to THE CAUCASIAN, I am Your friend,

MATTIE BROOKS.

Union County.

STOUT, N. C., May 28th, 1893. MR. EDITOR.—I think it great pleasure to write to your paper; papa has been taking your paper for some time and like it very much. I am a farmers boy 13 years old. I will answer Paul Crumpler's question. The first window glass was used in 1694.

Yours truly,
JOE HAYWOOD.

Bad Religion and Bad Politics.

A man's politics is no better and no worse than his religion. Good politics is good religion and good religion is good politics. Those who cannot harmonize their creeds with these truths are worshiping false gods, and the sooner their idols are smashed the better it will be for humanity.—Omaha Tocsin.

In other words the man whose religion is good will not steel votes.

Are You Any Good at Puzzles?

The genious who invited the "Fifteen" Puzzle, "Pigs in Clover" and many others has invited a brand new one, which is going to be the greatest on record. There is fun, instruction and entertainment in it. The old and learned will find as much mystery in it as the young unsophisticated. This great puzzle is the property of the NEW YORK PRESS CLUB, for whom it was invented by Samuel Loyd, the great puzzlist, to be sold for the benefit of the movement to erect a great home for newspaper workers in New York. Generous friends have given $25,000 in prizes for the successful puzzle solvers. TEN CENTS sent to" PRESS CLUB BUILDING AND CHARITY FUND," Temple Court, New York City will get you the new mystery by return mail. tf

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

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WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

EARLY SUMMER MODELS.

A Novel and Pretty Cape—Fit and Trimming of the Season's Skirt.

Before we give up the cloak which is belted in at the back, let us make sure that we have not missed any possibilities of convenience in the cut. Certain it is that the newer and pretty coachman cape affair is inclined to get crooked, and won't stay on unless we are hitching at it all the time, or else have it securely tight by the collar around a somewhat choked throat. The usual fastening is just a belt or a string, and it ties around the waist. Now, this is where the best possibilities of the mode are missed. let the belt be very long and instead of fastening it around the waist, bring it to the front crossing the breast, and going to the back again and fastening at the inside of the cloak collar at the back. This holds the cloak securely even if it is all open. It coaxes it

OF VARIED USEFULNESS.

into pretty folds, too, when you let it fall loosely back the crossing straps make the soft skirt worn with the plain skirt more snug and pretty, than its own belt unassisted could do. When the cloak is fastened it is like any other cloak, except perhaps that it fits in the back a little more exactly than does the usual belted-in cloak. This, of course, is because the fastening at the top as well as below in the back holds it better. Made of some serviceable plaid or check stuff as was the garment of this sketch, with a generous and practicable hood, the hood and cloak both well lined, it will prove an especially good garment for the trip to the Fair, that we are all of us going to take. When we want a change of dress we can let the cloak be open; when we want another change we can wear it shut; yet another alteration we can accomplish by wrapping it close about us, and in all ways it will be pretty.

The second picture shows a useful and charming toilet. The front can be either gathered in, or left quite loose, the latter is preferable for morning wear, while the other method looks more dressy. The sleeves are trimmed to the elbow with guipure. Any shade can be placed under the guipure, but green is exceptionally fashionable just now. The skirt is a tailor made one. The little jacket would look well trimmed with ball fringe.

A few years ago it was considered a necessity that the greatest attention should be given to the making and fitting of the bodice of a gown and the skirt, in comparison, was of no, or very little consequence. But at the present time the importance of the latter cannot be over-rated. The fashionable voluminous skill is looked upon with a feeling akin to horror by those whose purses are not

NATTY OUTDOOR COSTUME.

very elastic, for in some of these as much as twelve yards of material are necessary in order to give them the requisite fulness at the foot, but to those who wish to be thoroughly stylish this skirt is indispensable. It should fit quite closely over the hips, and the fulness commences at the knees, whence it falls in graceful folds, the interlining of muslin giving it the necessary outward flow. Instead of this, or the horsehair cloth some dressmakers use a roll padding formed of cotton-wool, encased in linen, inside the dress at the foot, which answers the same purpose.

There is almost endless variety in the trimming for skirts, and the woman who cannot find something to suit her must be very difficult to please. A most becoming style for tall slender figures is to have three bands of velvet about three inches in width at intervals; namely, one at the hem, the second at the knees, and the third ar the hips. Another popular method is to have seven or eight rows of ribbon or velvet in graduated widths beginning at the foot with a wide one and terminating at the knees with quite a narrow band. Crossway bands of silk are much in favor, and so also are three or four flounces cut bias.

ESTELLE.

They Lack the Sense of Humor.

Mr. Henry Furniss has found it unprofitable work to caricature women. He says that in the few times in which he has yielded to the temptation he has raised much ill feeling, and he has decided that women as a rule lack sense of humor. This is true, and it is to be regretted. There are comparatively few writers of humor among women, as has been demonstrated in the attempt to collect their work for representation in Chicago, and no conspicuous ones.

A man said the other day touching this, that in riding out and in daily on a suburban train for years he had never yet seen a woman buy one of the comic weeklies, through they sold by dozens to the men travelers.

It would be interesting to know what link is missing from the female mentality which deprives her of this boon, for it is nothing short of a boon to be able to see the funny side of life. It helps over many hard places and lubricates many creaking joints in domestic machinery.

It would pay for the scientists to diagnose the difficulty, if possible, and undertake to lessen or remove it. In the meantime, sisters, be as joyous as you can.—New York Times.

Advice to Young Ladies.

A country girl gives credit to a celebrated doctor for the following very prudent advice to the young ladies of his flock: "The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, chop wood, milk cows and be a lady withal "in company," is just the sort of a girl for me or any other worthy man to marry. But you, ye wasp-waisted, putty-faced, consumption mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of 14 chickens. The truth is my dear girls, you want more liberty and less parlor, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding piona, more frankness, and less mockmodesty, more food and less fashion. Loose yourself a little; enjoy more liberty and less restraint, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."—Ex.

Don't Scold.

Mothers, don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their fault; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child is driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch yourselves, and don't indulge in this unfortune and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the the tones of your voice, and above all, watch your hearts: for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The Ideal Family.

The first great essentials of the ideal home and the ideal family are constant love, confidence, devotion, unselfish, willingness to spend and be spent in the services of one another The ideal home is one where the children shall say—"When we marry and have homes of our own, we wish to love and be loved as our father and mother love each other." It is where the sons are taught respect for all women, by the deference and kindness of their father to their mother; it is where daughters learn from their mother's patient example how beautiful a thing wifely and motherly affection is, learn the beauty of daily, unselfish devotion to the good of all. It is one where the atmosphere of love and kindness is so all-pervading that it softens every privation, ennobles every humble duty, and stimulates constantly all noble and unselfish aims.—Selected by Lois.

What Lady Macbeth Caldwell Thinks About It.

We don't like this language in a report submitted to the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly one day last week:

The session must absolutely enforce the injunction of Scripture forbidding women to speak in churches (1. Cor., xiv., 34), or in any way failing to observe that relative subordination to men that is taught in 1. Cor, xi., 13, and other places.

It is all right to prohibit the sisters speaking in the churches—they get to speak enough elsewhere and they've no business talking in public excecpt among themselves; but the General Assembly report should have left out that reference to "that relative subordination to men." It is scriptural, of course, but it is distinctively Pauline, and Paul was a bachelor and a tolerably vinegary one. We hold that it isn't nice to be constantly reminding women of the duty of subordination, and it isn't always safe, either.—Charlotte Observer.

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It is now in order to inquire "what the democrats are there for?"

IN MODERN BABYLON.

THE CURSE OF POVERTY IN A CITY OF TODAY.

The Seventh of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s, Powerful Sermons on the Gates of Hell of the Present Time—Men and Women Dead to Hope.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached today the seventh of the series of sermons on the "Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." The subject of today's sermon was "The Curse of Poverty In the Modern City." The text chosen was from Proverbs xxx, 8, 9: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me, lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and use profanely the name of my God."

There is a poverty that is respectable. There is a poverty that is the mother of greatness. It is not of this poverty that I speak today. The cradles of the poor have been those that have rocked the greatest men of the earth. But by this we mean a decent poverty in which there has been coarse food and coarse clothing and yet food enough to keep hunger from the door, clothes enough to keep the cold from the body. Poverty that means hunger and cold and nakedness and rags is a curse and only a curse. It is this shadow that falls across the streets of the city as nowhere else on the earth today. There are poor people in the country, but they are millionaires in all that constitutes a life as compared with the poor of the city.

It is a continuous amazement to me that people should leave the country and crowd into the city, the city which Carlyle graphically described, "The great, foul city, rattling, crawling, smoking, stinking, a ghastly heat of fermented brick work, pouring out poison at every pore." And yet they come in tens, in hundreds, in thousands, in tens of thousands every year, crowding the already crowded trades, crowding the already crowded dens in which human beings live like beasts. They leave clear skies. They leave pure air. They leave kindly friends, sympathetic neighbors. They leave earth, in other words, for hell, and still they come.

Could not some kind angel whisper to them when they make up their minds to leave the old country home that they are taking their departure from earth and hope and descending to the lower regions? The only possible explanation is that they are ignorant. They do not know the city. They do not know what it is. They do not understand until it is too late to retrace their steps. It is simply impossible with language to adequately convey to the average mind the facts in the condition of the life of the thousands who live in our cities. Their poverty is indescribable; their wretchedness something unthinkable.

The poverty of the city is an open door to the deepest hell, and through it daily crowd countless thousands.

First—Because poverty in the city means loss of a home. There is no home life among the poor of the great city. The word home is stricken from the language of man. The poor live in a den. They exist in a tenement, and the tenement life, with its attendant horrors, is constantly on the increase in our great cities. In New York city it has swallowed up all the other life practically. The tenement has, like a huge monster, devoured the home. It may be said that New York city lives in the tenement; that New York city lives in the second and third class tenements. One million three hundred thousand people in this city exist in second and third class tenements. This constitutes the people. The landlords are an insignificant faction. People who live in separate houses are not of the people; they are the exception. To every so called house in the city of New York there is an average of 19 dwellers. London averages seven. In what is known as the tenement house district there are no fewer than 276,000 families packed together. In this quarter it goes without saying that the death rate reaches its most horrible height, and public morality touches a depth of degradation before which philanthropists and Christians and evangelists stand aghast. Poverty and disease and crime are the portion of these people.

Second—Such poverty is the open door to theft because the wages are so low that the temptation to wrongdoing is well nigh resistless. "Give me not poverty!" cries the ancient seer, "lest I steal." How hundreds and thousands of people in the cities, with their wages, can keep from stealing is a miracle. People are entitled to bread. A man is certainly entitled to existence. He is entitled to bread to eat. He is entitled to enough clothes to keep him from freezing. He is entitled to a house to cover his head, and he has a right to work. But these things are denied hundreds and thousands of people today in the city. A woman was discovered the other day who had starved to death. Men commit crime daily that they may get the comforts of a penitentiary, the luxury of a stay on Blackwell's island.

Shopgirls enter their life full of vain hopes. They do not expect to be drudges all their lives. They work during the leisure season from 9 to 13 hours a day—many of them in basements lighted by gas and electricity. In the crowded seasons they put on blue glasses. The only comfort they have is the fact that they have company in their misery. During the busy season they work regularly 11 and 12 hours, and during the rush till 10 and 11 o'clock at night. The shopgirl's income is barely enough to furnish food. It is not enough to furnish clothes. She does her best to imitate the rich whom she sees. The fine lady who bends over the counter is studied with minute care. She has read the stories of working girls marrying rich nobles. She dreams of meeting this man of paper and being lifted from her poverty and grind.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

As Mrs. Campbell has so truthfully said, she knows far better what constitutes the life of the rich than the rich ever know of the life of the poor. She imitates where she can. Her cheap shoe has a French heel, her neck its tin dog collar. Gilt rings, bracelets and bangles, frizzled bangs, cheap trimmings of every order swallow up her earnings. It is an age of cheat and swindle—it is an age of imitation. She knows it and knows its power. She buys an opera glass and sports a manicure set. She knows that even Queen Victoria's horses have false tails and that the queens of society are the creations of the tailor's art. In the midst of all her squalor and wretchedness at home she dreams of this magnificence of which she reads in the daily press, in the cheap story paper which is her daily pabulum.

This continues for weeks and months, and the months lengthen into the years, and life becomes a ceaseless, hopeless round of deadening toil. Then comes the tempter with his whisper of bright things to be had for the taking. Then comes the time when the devil puts in his fine work. Life has lost its glamour. Poverty in all its grim and hideous and hellish outlines looms up before the tired vision of the girl. Sickness comes, loss of work and the terrible alternatives to steal, to starve, to beg, to commit suicide or sell her body for money. Often-

er comes the temptation to obtain the fine clothes, to answer the aspirations and yearnings of an unfulfilled life in the ways of sin. God sees it all and keeps the account, and I would rather stand in the poor shopgirl's shoes, even in sin and shame, than wear the fine clothes of those who have made these conditions possible in human society.

Third—Such are the conditions of work that the body is driven to the point of exhaustion of all its energies, and in its weakness it is the prey to every whisper of evil. In the reaction from such grinding toil the effort at amusement necessarily becomes a dissipation. How can we expect men who work with such unceasing and despairing energy to avoid saloons and concert halls and dens, where they find the only brightness in human life? And this is the brightness of the glare of hell, into which they are soon to fall. Ten, 12, 13 and 15 and even 16 hours men and women work in this great city and in other cities, and work at tasks deadening to every sense—monotonous to the verge of despair.

Fourth—Such poverty is the gateway to hell, because the children born into it are doomed before their birth, and the generation that rises has less of hope than the generation that dies. Our statisticians tell us that 20,000 children work in the great city of New York, but those who know the facts tell us that in the great city of New York alone there are 100,000 little pinched forms that work for daily bread and are glad to get work —work at the period when children must grow or die. Their little faces are pinched and shriveled and wrinkled until they are an army of little old men and women, to look into whose pinched faces is enough to draw the tears from the heart of a stone. What wonderful little creatures many of them are! They never complain—they take it as a matter of course.

A little fellow discovered in Boston recently by a charitable institution gave the matron an account of how he got along for a week after his mother had died and his drunken father had kicked him out. "Where did you sleep?" she asked. "We lived out in Roxbury," said he, "and I knowed a place out that way where a man kept three pigs in a real warm and snug pen, and I slept there three nights." "You slept with the pigs?" asked the matron. "Oh, yes, mum; it was real nice and warm there. But the next night I found the man had moved away and taken the pigs and pen and all. I lost 'em." "And what did you do then?" "I kind of snooped round and got into an empty old house. I found a lot of papers on the floor and got into the papers and folded them up. They were nice and warm. I slept there two nights. Next night I got in a junk-shop on some rags." "What did you do for something to eat?" "Why, I staid round the markets and got oranges and apples and things the fruit stands throw away, and I knowed where there was restaurants and boarding houses where they put things into the swill barrels that's plenty good to eat."

There are from 50,000 to 60,000 of these little waifs drifting on the black, turbid waters of this great city's life, and every city has its proportion. Is it any wonder that we have tramps and idlers, and that the gang of toughs is soon developed, and that they graduate into the hardened criminal, desperado, highwayman and assassin?

PANTS SEVEN CENTS A PAIR.

Fifth—It is the gate of hell because of the hard life of the women. Woman is the mother of man. Womanhood is the index to life. If it be degraded, life is degraded. If it is steeped in sullen despair, life will show its fruits. If it be hard, life will be hard. If the life of woman leads to hell, hell is nigh to humanity. Two hundred and fifty thousand women work at hard tasks outside of domestic service in this great city. Three hundred and forty-three trades are open to women, the census taker tells us. They are, as a matter of fact, simply subdivisions of old trades—subdivisions caused by the divisions of labor. Added to this is the additional horror of unpaid labor. There is not a single one of these trades in which women work in which they are actually paid a just return for their labor. Because they are women they are made to do the work which men could not do better for from one-half to one-third the remuneration men would receive.

Needlewomen make pants for 7 cents a pair and use their own machines, find their own thread. They make shirts for 35 cents a dozen and find their own thread and machines. They make gingham waists for boys at 2½ cents each, and it is impossible to make more than a dozen in 14 hours at a sewing machine. And 14 hours at a sewing machine, with a woman's hands and a woman's nerves, means that life is being ground out at a pace that makes the thing little short of actual murder. Cloakmakers can earn but 60 to 70 cents a day. We find 16 hours of toil unrelieved by a single gleam of light or hope or cheer, and the net results of this concentrated despair and misery is $3.50 a week. And half of this is taken to pay for the miserable den in which the work is done. Two families live in single rooms. Twelve people are found sometimes in a room 13 feet square.

Many of the women who work in this underworld of horror are dying to hope, and when woman with her ceaseless passion of life, her undying love, with her quenchless heroism, ceases to hope it is time for your social economist, it is time for your preacher, your politician, your philosopher, to hasten to find the cause. One of this army of a quarter of a million women recently said to Mrs. Campbell:

"I don't see how anybody can much longer keep soul and body together."

"We don't," said one of the other women, turning suddenly. "I got rid of my soul long ago, such as it was. Who's got time to think about souls, grinding away here 14 hours a day to turn out contract goods? 'Tain't souls that count. It's bodies that can be driven and half starved and driven still till they drop in their tracks. I would try the river if I was not driving to pay a doctor's bill for my three that went with the fever. Before that I was driving to put food into their mouths. I never owed a cent to no man. I have been honest and paid as I went and done a good turn when I could. Had I chosen the other thing while I had a pretty face of my own I would have had ease and comfort and a quick death. The river's the best place, I'm thinking, for them that wants ease. Such a life as this is not living."

"She don't mean it," the first speaker said apologetically; "she knows there is better times ahead."

"Yes, the kind you will find in the next room. Take a look in there, man, and then tell me what we are going to do."

In the next room was found a pantaloon maker, huddled in an old shawl, finishing the last of a dozen, which, when taken back, would give her money for fire and food. She had been ill for three days. The bed was an old mattress on a dry goods box in the corner, and save for the chair on which she sat and the stove the room was empty. "Even that," she said, with a glance at the miserable bed, "is more than I had for a long while. I pawned everything before my husband died, except the machine."

SIXTY THOUSAND HOMELESS.

Do not believe that these are exceptional cases. They are typical specimens from this vast army of this dark underworld. There are 60,000 homeless men and women in the city of New York alone—an army of 60,000 that do not know where they will lay their heads tonight. I read the other day of a man who in a fit of insanity murdered his wife and three children. How do we know it was insanity? They say he became a maniac. And yet the poet tells us of how the old hero Virginius could slay his child rather than see her dishonored. Is it not possible, in view of these frequent horrors, they have been prompted not by insanity, but by the despair of love, by the father and mother that stood on the brink and peered over the awful abyss and preferred to kill their own rather than to deliver them to the hell they saw open before them?

Such poverty is necessarily the mother of despair—despair grim and sullen and stupefying. The man who fights with hunger becomes an animal. Is it not better to die a man than to die a brute? Shall these desperate people reason? Suicide becomes a luxury. The death of a child under such conditions is a joy, not a sorrow. They are gathered to the potter's field, but they rest. They are crowded one on top of the other in the great black trenches, but they will not be roused in the gray twilight of the morning to dull, ceaseless toil. Their little bodies molder together in the grave, but their little stomachs do not cry for bread and for meat and for drink. Their little faces do not grow pinched and wan any longer. There are some things worse than death. There are some things worse than the potter's field. It is the living potter's field—it is the living death.

A pitiful case of destitution recently came to light near New York. A policeman of the Thirty-third precinct was patrolling his beat on the outskirts of the city when in a lonely spot in the woods near Hunt's point he came upon a man and woman and three children stretched on the bare ground. The man and the woman were asleep, but the children were awake and groaning.

When the man was awakened, he said he had no home, no means of subsistence. During the winter and spring he had earned a scanty living as an oyster opener, but at the close of the season was thrown out of work. He fell sick, and the little money he had saved was soon spent. Then the owner of the house in which he lived turned him out. He tramped round, trying to find work, but failed. His wife and children had no shelter, and he had not a cent to find them lodging. Not knowing where to go, they went into the woods, where they slept for three nights. It was three days since they had eaten a scrap of food. They were taken by the policeman to the station house and given food, which they devoured ravenously.

THE SUBMERGED SIXTH.

In a year in New York city there were 39,679 deaths—7,059 died in hospitals, insane asylums and workhouses. That is to say, more than one person in every six who died in this great city died in a public institution, and nearly 4,000 of them who thus died were thrown in the potter's field for burial. Talk about your "submerged tenth!" This is the submerged sixth. And this only represents those who actually die. Those who are living in death cannot be numbered. In the great city of London there are more than 300,000 souls that hang on the brink of this gulf, whose life is a nightmare. Beneath them opens the pit of starvation. Still further down are 300,000 more, actually starving, where hunger gnaws day and night and every hour in the day is an agony. No one is better entitled to speak on this subject from actual life than is Mrs. Campbell. She has given her whole life to this work among the poor. I wish to quote her exact words as to what she knows of the conditions of the poor in this city:

"We pack the poor away in tenements crowded and foul beyond anything known even to London, whose bitter cry is less yours than ours. And we have taken excellent care that no foot of ground shall remain that means breathing space, or free sport to a child, or any green growing thing. Grass pushes its way here and there, but for this army of weary workers it is only something they may lie under, never upon.

"There is no pause in the march. As one and another drops out the gap fills instantly, every alley and byway holding unending substitutes. It is not labor that profiteth, for body and soul are alike starved. It is labor in its basest and most degrading form—labor that is a curse and never a blessing, as true work may be and is. It blinds the eyes; it steals away joy; it blunts all power, whether of hope or faith; it wrecks the body, and it starves the soul: it is waste and only waste. Nor can it below ground or above hold fructifying power for any human soul. It is as student, not as professional philanthropist, that I write, and the years that have brought experience have also brought a conviction, sharpened by every fresh series of facts, that no words, no matter what power of fervor may lie behind, can make plain the sorrow of the poor."

King Otho of Bavaria is now a hopeless maniac. In his lucid intervals only he realizes his terrible position. But his chief amusement seems to be shooting peasants. It seems to amuse the mad king to kill the peasants, Of course they do not let him really kill them, but they dress up a man as a peasant, and he passes before the window, and the king seizes the rifle which has been loaded with the paper shell, fires at his victim, and the victim instantly falls with dramatic effect and dies in great agony. The king looks on with the utmost glee at the result. What a horrible amusement even for a maniac! And yet this is practically the results of the kings of our economic world. They may be mad —it is the most kindly interpretation to put upon their actions—and yet the results of their work is the slaying of the weak. Not only is this a fact, but it is a fact that could be remedied, and it is a butchery that is useless and that is as destructive to the conservative forces of society as it is to the weak. It is a needless death. It is a needless butchery.

KRUPP GUN ESTABLISHMENT.

Wherever great hearts have been combined with great ability and a true purpose to labor with the masses for their benefit we behold great fortunes created and created in a way that signify something to humanity. We see what might be done with true sympathy and co-operation in capital and labor in the great Krupp gun establishment in Germany. The old Krupp was the father and friend of the great army of men that worked in his magnificent shops. He paid them full wages. He loved them. He lived with them and of them. He was their counselor, their guide, their father, their friend, and when he died the great army of workingmen mourned for him as though God had taken from their own home circle their best beloved.

Out of their earnings and savings they raised the money to build on the grounds a magnificent monument to his memory. When the monument was unveiled, the younger Krupp, who succeeded the father at the head of the company, presided. Around this monument were gathered thousands with tear stained faces to do honor to the memory of their friend. The young man rose to make the address to the people. He was so overcome by the evidence of their love that shone in their faces that he could scarcely speak.

From every side rose the murmurs of approval and of love and of sympathy for the young man so like his father. "God bless him," one said; "he is the image of his father; he is our friend, as was his father." And so he proved himself to be, for turning to them he said: "My people, I cannot express to you what I feel in my heart today. I can simply announce that the company has set aside this day $100,000 to establish a home for your aged men and women, in which they shall live at the company's expense when through sickness or old age they are unable to work." A great wave of joy swept the hearts of the people as the shadow of death was lifted from shoulders and hearts. With a brighter smile they went back to their work; with stronger arms they made their anvils ring.

So will our toilers labor for the benefit of the race to better purpose, with stronger hearts and stronger arms, when their lives are made really worth the living. In our present conditions of labor in the great, crowded cities life is not life, it is hell. Let the workingman avoid the city as he would avoid a pestilence.

Selling Old Gold.

In the face of the much prophesied gold famine, old gold is in great demand. It is bought by the refiners for mechanical purposes and is paid for with spot cash of the greenback variety.

Old gold is very rich, not only in monetary value, but in strange and interesting suggestion. Most of it is in the shape of dilapidated jewelry. A worn band of gold comes in. It was once a wedding ring and must have been held as precious beyond all price by the bride who wore it during the honeymoon. In after years, as it was worn and worn till it was almost worn away, it must have fluctuated many times in value.

The ring does not say whether its owner was happy or not. The link of gold may have bound together a loving husband and wife, or it may have connected a widow with heaven or with the coldness of a steel it may have held her like a galley slave chained to a companion that she hated.

The ring tells none of these things. It is old fashioned and worn, and that shows that it has seen long service. Perhaps it was worn by strangers, being superseded by another wedding ring, or perhaps it was a precious family heirloom handed down from generation to generation.

The purchaser rubs it on a smooth stone until it leaves a yellow mark. A drop of nitric or compound acid dissolves this mark so that the expert assayer can tell the purity of the gold. Then it is carefully weighed and paid for at the rate perhaps of 3 or 4 cents a carat.—Boston Herald.

Keeping a Sponge Sweet.

There are few things that are so carelessly handled and which give so little satisfaction for this reason as a bathing sponge. A large sponge is always a somewhat expensive item, and when it becomes odorous, as it sometimes does after a little use, one hesitates to throw it away at once, expecting to restore it. This is a very difficult matter to accomplish. Repeated scaldings will often fail to make a sponge sweet and soft as it was originally.

The best way to do is to take care of it at first. If the sponge is freed from soapsuds and hung where it will get dry each time after it is used, it will not become sour. In order to do this, wash the soap out with warm water after using it and rinse it in cold water. Squeeze it as dry as you can with the hands, but do not wring it, as this would break the fibers.

It is a good thing to dry sponges in summer in the bright sunshine. In winter they must be dried by artificial heat, and for this reason special care must be taken to rinse them clean after using them. It is a great mistake to shut a sponge up in a close box, even though it may be one of solid silver. A sponge shut up in this way with the least dampness is sure to acquire an impure odor in time. The best place to keep a sponge is on a hanging earthen tray or in an open basket of wire near the bathtub, where it can dry and is always convenient.—New York Tribune.

The Cashmere Shawl.

In the glittering but chilly salons of Versailles doubtless it was for comfort that Josephine wore the cashmere shawl that the Egyptian expedition introduced into France, and which her husband, with his characteristic regard for the rights of others, pulled from her shoulders and put upon the blaze of an open fire. These properly folded, or any long narrow piece of good fabric, worn as a long scarf, will add flowing lines to the front of the figure and short horizontal ones not too rigid to the back.

A good critic says of it: "To wear it is a proof of grace, and it imparts grace elegance, especially to a tall woman. In the old portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Gainsborough, by Stuart and Copley—further back, in the empire days, by David—the scarf has been very effectively used, the long, straight scarf drawn tightly across the small of the back, passing over the elbows and drooping down in front as low as the knee or lower. Nowadays one sees them worn by ladies who have relatives in the army who send them scarfs of crape or camel's hair, and occasionally the French approach the scarf in the style of spring or autumn wraps. It would only take half a dozen ladies who have reputation for good dressing to persistently adopt the scarf for others to recognize its grace and elegance."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Rider Haggard.

There is a current statement concerning Mr. Rider Haggard to the effect that his first wife was Miss Carroll of Baltimore. I have seen it in The Sun, the Chicago Evening Journal and other papers. It is an error. As his brother wrote a few days since to that effect in the latter paper, but the editor was too courteous enough to insert my contradiction. Perhaps you will be so kind as to allow this to appear in print in your columns. Mr. Rider Haggard has only been once married, to Miss Louisa Margaret of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, who is alive and well. The lady whom various newspapers so very ungallantly call "a terrible and ageless beauty" was married to and divorced by another member of the family.—Andrew Haggard in New York Sun.

A New Source of Revenue.

A gentleman who called at a Chicago newspaper office asked the editor:

"What has become of your office boy?"

"He has quit the business."

"Bounced him?